

MARVEL

DARK REIGN™

THE HOOD™



PARKER • HOTZ

STRAIGHT FROM THE PAGES OF *NEW AVENGERS*, GO DEEP INTO THE CUTTHROAT WORLD OF THE HOOD!



You may know Parker Robbins as the tough-talking crime boss who's organizing the villains of NYC while wheeling and dealing with the likes of Loki and Doctor Doom. But what about his pregnant girlfriend, addict cousin and institutionalized mother whom we met back in his debut mini? And what price is the over-his-head Parker paying for his rapid climb up the ranks of crime? Is Parker a vicious power broker, or just a guy from the wrong side of the tracks whose life went to hell once he stumbled upon a supernatural curse?

Writer Jeff Parker (*Agents of Atlas*) and *The Hood: Blood From Stones* artist Kyle Hotz invite you to spend a week in the life one of the key characters in Dark Reign as he struggles to keep his professional and personal lives from destroying each other!

Collecting *Dark Reign: The Hood* #1-5, plus material from *Dark Reign: The Cabal*.

MARVEL

DARK REIGN



THE HOOD

DARK REIGN

THE HOOD

Writer: **JEFF PARKER**
Artist: **KYLE HOTZ**
Inker, Issue #5: **SCOTT HANNA**
Colorist: **FRANK MARTIN**
Letterer: **DAVE SHARPE**
Cover Artist: **MARKO DJURDJEVIC**

“FAMILY TRUST”
Writer: **RICK REMENDER**
Artist: **MAX FIUMARA**
Colorist: **NESTOR PEREYRA**
Letterer: **JEFF ECKLEBERRY**
Cover Artist: **DANIEL ACUÑA**

Assistant Editor: **MICHAEL HORWITZ**
Editor: **BILL ROSEMAN**

Collection Editor: **CORY LEVINE**
Assistant Editors: **ALEX STARBUCK & JOHN DENNING**
Editors, Special Projects: **JENNIFER GRÜNWALD & MARK D. BEAZLEY**
Senior Editor, Special Projects: **JEFF YOUNGQUIST**
Senior Vice President of Sales: **DAVID GABRIEL**
Book Design: **RODOLFO MURAGUCHI**
Digital Manager/Production: **TIM SMITH 3**
Digital Production: **KOU CHEN & RACHEL YOUNG**

Editor in Chief: **JOE QUESADA**
Publisher: **DAN BUCKLEY**
Executive Producer: **ALAN FINE**

© 2017 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM





DARK REIGN: THE CABAL

Hell's Kitchen, NYC.

ONE DAY
OUR SUN WILL
CONSUME THE
EARTH.

AS A
BOY I SUFFERED
FROM AN *UNHEALTHY*
OBSESSION WITH
THIS CONCEPT.

IF EVERYTHING IS
GOING TO BE ERASED--
WHAT IN THIS WORLD
REALLY MATTERS?

IF EVERYTHING IS
GOING TO BE ERASED--
WHAT IN THIS WORLD
REALLY MATTERS?

BUT
HERE, TODAY,
AS WE MOURN THE
LOSS OF ONE OF
OUR OWN, WE SEE
THE SIGNIFICANCE OF
EVEN **ONE** LIFE
LOST.

OF WITH THIS
CURTAIN DRAWN
BACK, WE SEE OUR
OWN LIVES WITH A
FLEETING CLARITY.

WE ARE REMINDED THAT
LIFE IS NOT A DRESS
REHEARSAL...

PARKER, WHAT
KIND OF CONCRETE
CUTTING HAPPENS
AT 3 A.M.?

OPEN UP,
SWEETHEART. HERE
COMES THE CHOO-
CHOO.





IT'S
IMPORTANT
TO TAKE STOCK
OF WHAT WE
HAVE.

UNFORTUNATELY,
IT OFTEN TAKES
LOSING SOMEONE
CLOSE TO US
TO DO SO.



AS I
STAND HERE LOOKING
AT OUR COALITION--I *TRULY*
APPRECIATE ALL THAT WE'VE
ACCOMPLISHED
TOGETHER.

THIS UNION
MUST NOT BE TAKEN
FOR GRANTED.



THERE IS
ONE AMONG US
WHO WOULD *ABUSE*
OUR TRUST TO
FULFILL *PERSONAL*
AGENDAS.

THE SAME
TRAITOR WHO
MURDERED OUR
BROTHER.



WHO WOULD *DARE*
BETRAY YOU-- THE HOOD--
UNQUESTIONED KINGPIN
OF CRIME?

DON'T
WORRY, MADAME
MASQUE...



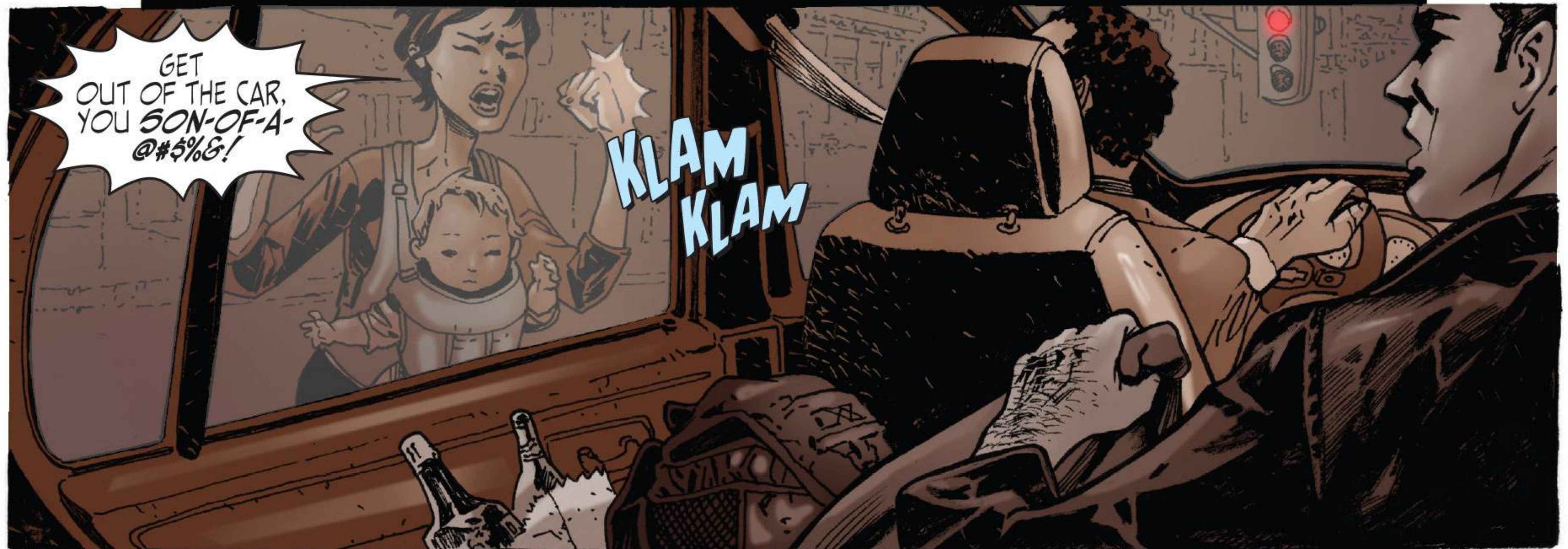
"...HE OR *SHE* WILL
BE DISCOVERED...
AND *DEALT* WITH."





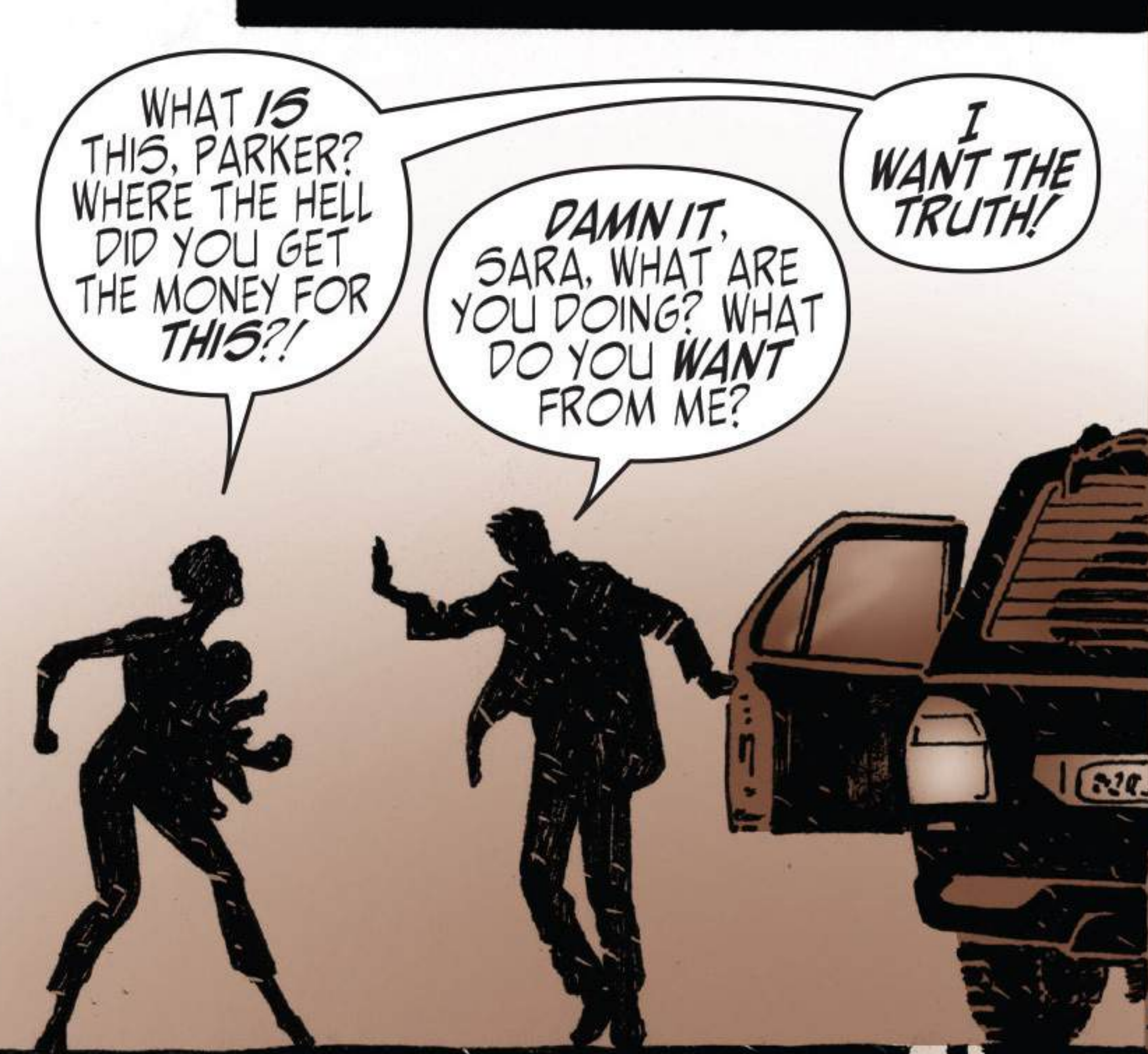
"...**NOTHING** COMES BEFORE THE FAMILY."

GET ME BACK TO THE BAR, SAM.



GET OUT OF THE CAR, YOU **SON-OF-A-@#5%&!**

KLAM KLAM



WHAT **IS** THIS, PARKER? WHERE THE HELL DID YOU GET THE MONEY FOR **THIS?!**

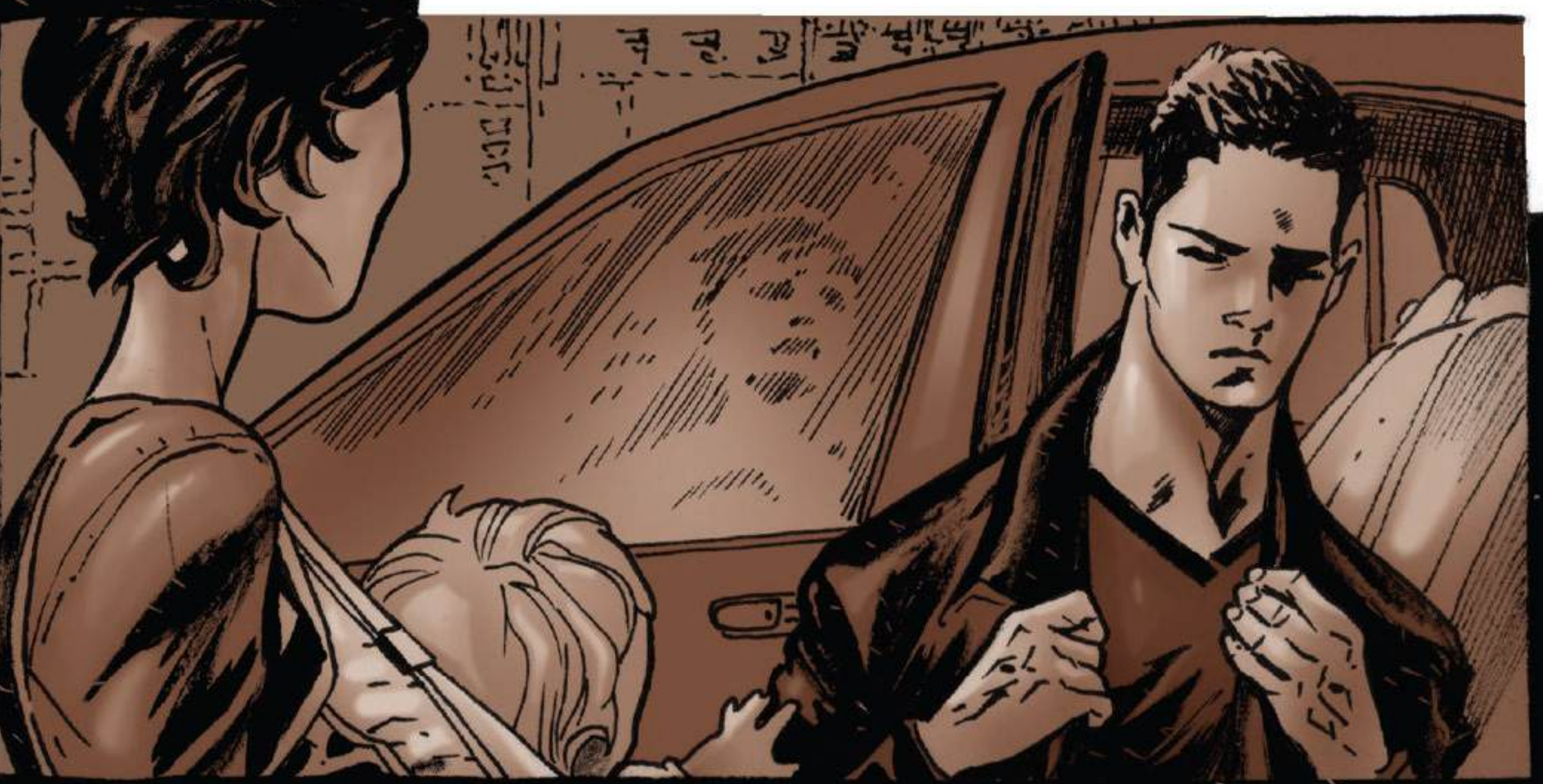
DAMN IT, SARA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT DO YOU **WANT** FROM ME?

I WANT THE TRUTH!



NO MORE LIES-- NO MORE OF THIS DAMN **SHADOW** YOU KEEP ME IN.

YOU NEED TO **TRUST** ME! FOR ONCE YOU NEED TO **TELL ME THE TRUTH!!**



HERE'S THE TRUTH.

YOU ASK ME ABOUT MY WORK, **EVER AGAIN...**



"...I'LL LEAVE YOU."

THE BOND
OF OUR FAMILY
IS *DEEP*...

BUT IN ORDER
TO MAINTAIN THAT
INTEGRITY THERE HAS TO BE
AN *UNWAVERING* FOCUS
ON SOLIDARITY.



WHEN
ONE OF US
DIES, *WE ALL*
DIE.

WE ALL LOSE
THAT PART OF
OURSELVES.

ONCE IN
OUR FAMILY, YOU
BECOME BROTHER,
SISTER, MOTHER
AND FATHER...



"...YOU ARE BLOOD
FOR LIFE."

THAT'S YOUR
OL' LADY? SHE'S
WICKED PISSED,
HUH?

HA-- ALL
THESE MONTHS
I'VE BEEN DRIVING YOU
AROUND AND I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU HAD
A FAMILY.



SHE'S
A *LOOKER*.
THAT YOUR KID
SHE HAD WITH
'ER?

MY
DAUGHTER.

YEAH,
IT'S A GRIND,
BROTHER. I GOT
THREE LITTLE ONES
MYSELF.



SEEMS LIKE
THERE'S A NEW
CATASTROPHE
EVERY DAY.

BUT IT'S
WORTH IT, YEAH?
I MEAN WHAT ELSE
IS LIFE ABOUT IF
NOT FAMILY?

DRIVE ME
TO THE RIVER, SAM.
GOT SOME THINKING
TO DO.



YOU'LL LIKE THIS SPOT, BOSS. IT'S REAL NICE.



LET'S GO HAVE A LITTLE LIQUID MEDICATION, WHADDA YA SAY, SAM?

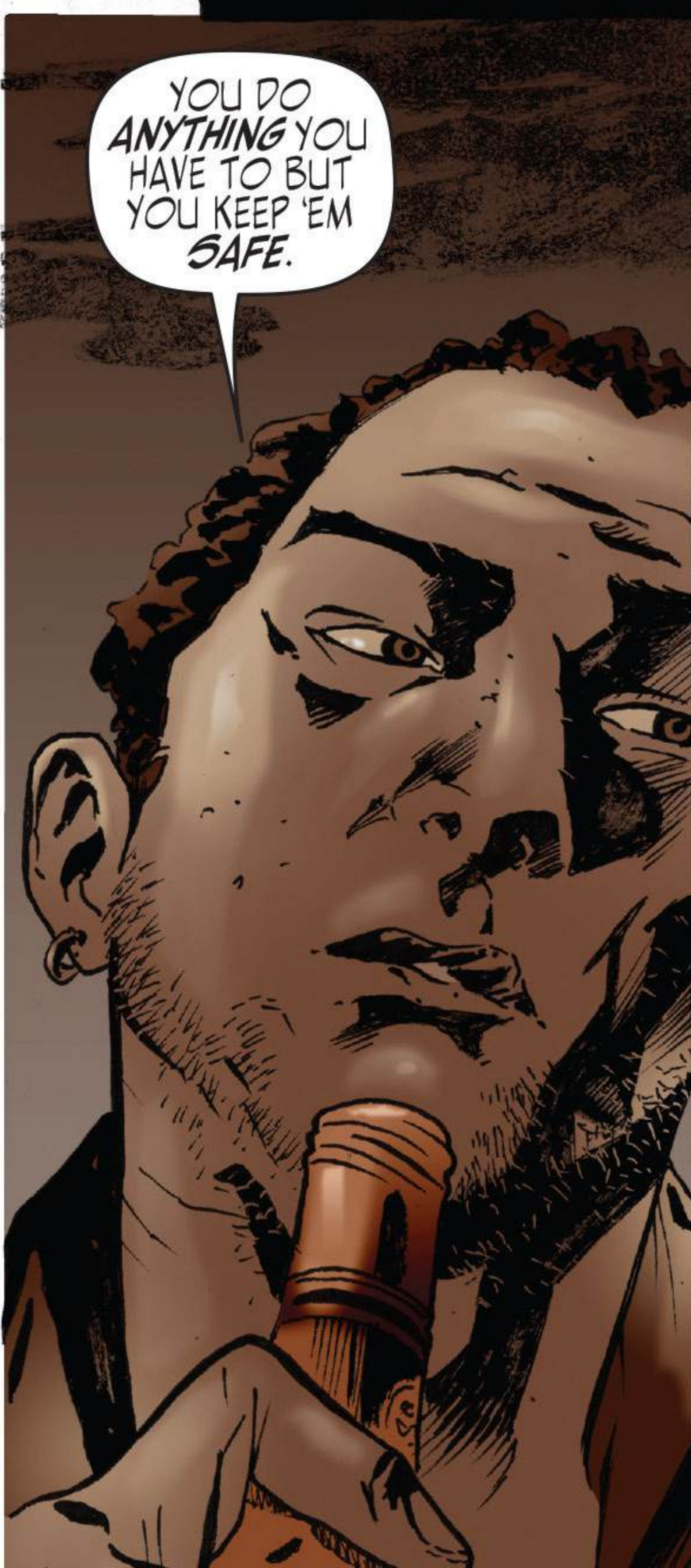
THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK.



I TELL YA, IT HAPPENS TO US ALL.

FIGHTIN' OVER -- *WHATEVER* -- IT DON'T MATTER. JUST ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES THAT COME WITH FAMILY.

HARD AS IT IS, YOU'D STILL DO ANYTHING FOR 'EM. *DIE* FOR 'EM, EVEN.



YOU DO *ANYTHING* YOU HAVE TO BUT YOU KEEP 'EM *SAFE*.



YEAH.



IT ALL COMES WITH SACRIFICE.
NOTHING IS FREE IN THIS LIFE... NOTHING WORTH HAVING.



MY FRIEND SAM WAS MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD.



"SHOT IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD BY A *CRAVEN COWARD* WHO LACKED THE HONOR TO LOOK HIS *VICTIM* IN THE *EYE*."



SAM DIDN'T DESERVE TO DIE.
MAYBE HE LEARNED THE WRONG SECRET, OR TRUSTED THE WRONG PERSON.



A MISTAKE WE SHOULD--*ALL OF US*--BE CAREFUL NOT TO REPEAT.

FAMILY TRUST

MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
1 of 5

**PARKER
HOTZ
MARTIN**

DARK REIGN™

THE HOOD™





PROLOGUE...

My 53rd stakeout
of this neighborhood.
Not losing hope.

Sources talk
about a lot of
capes coming
through here.



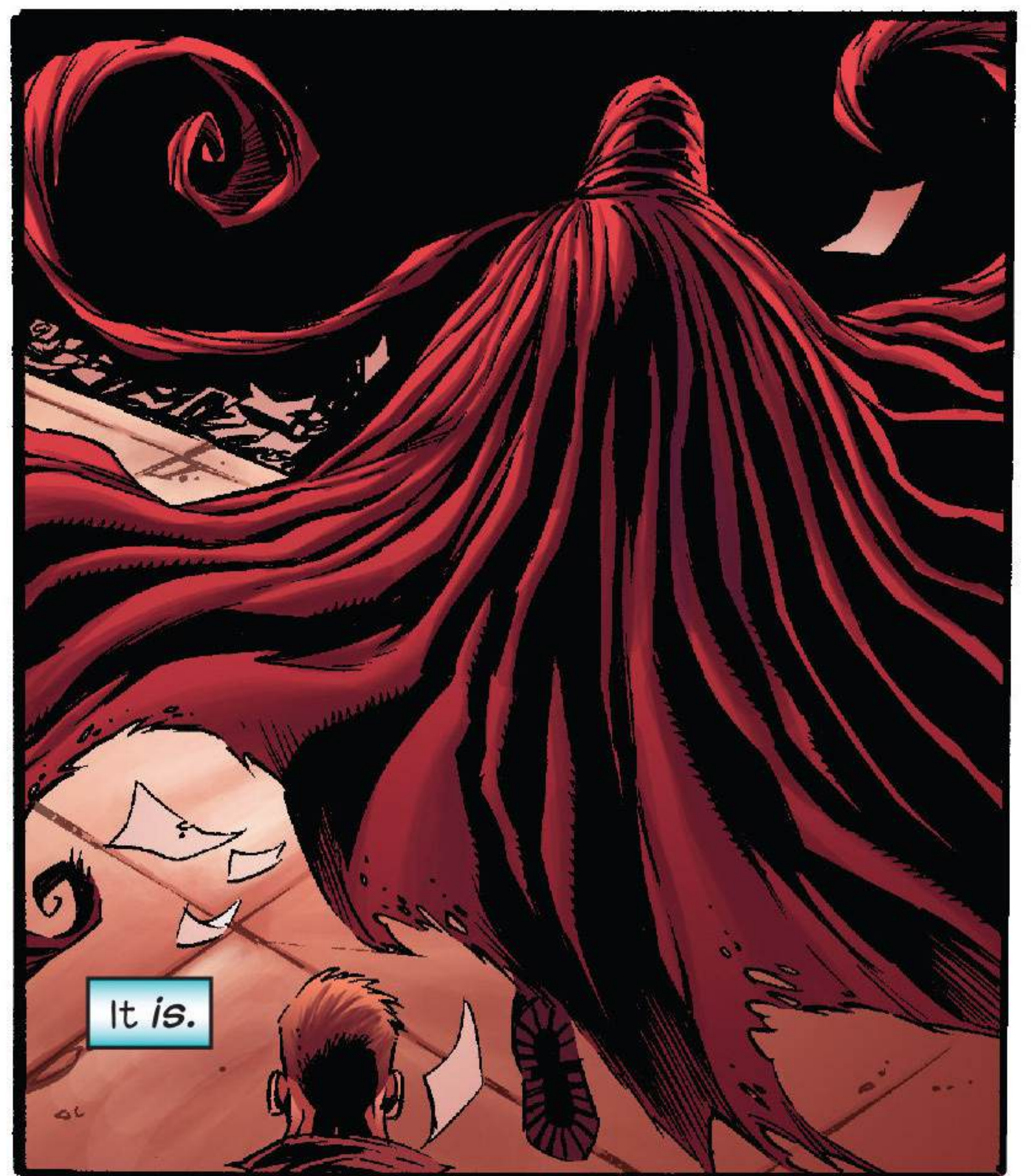
That will be the tip-off. He was
near impossible to track on his
own, but now that he's moving
into a syndica--wait.

Push in.

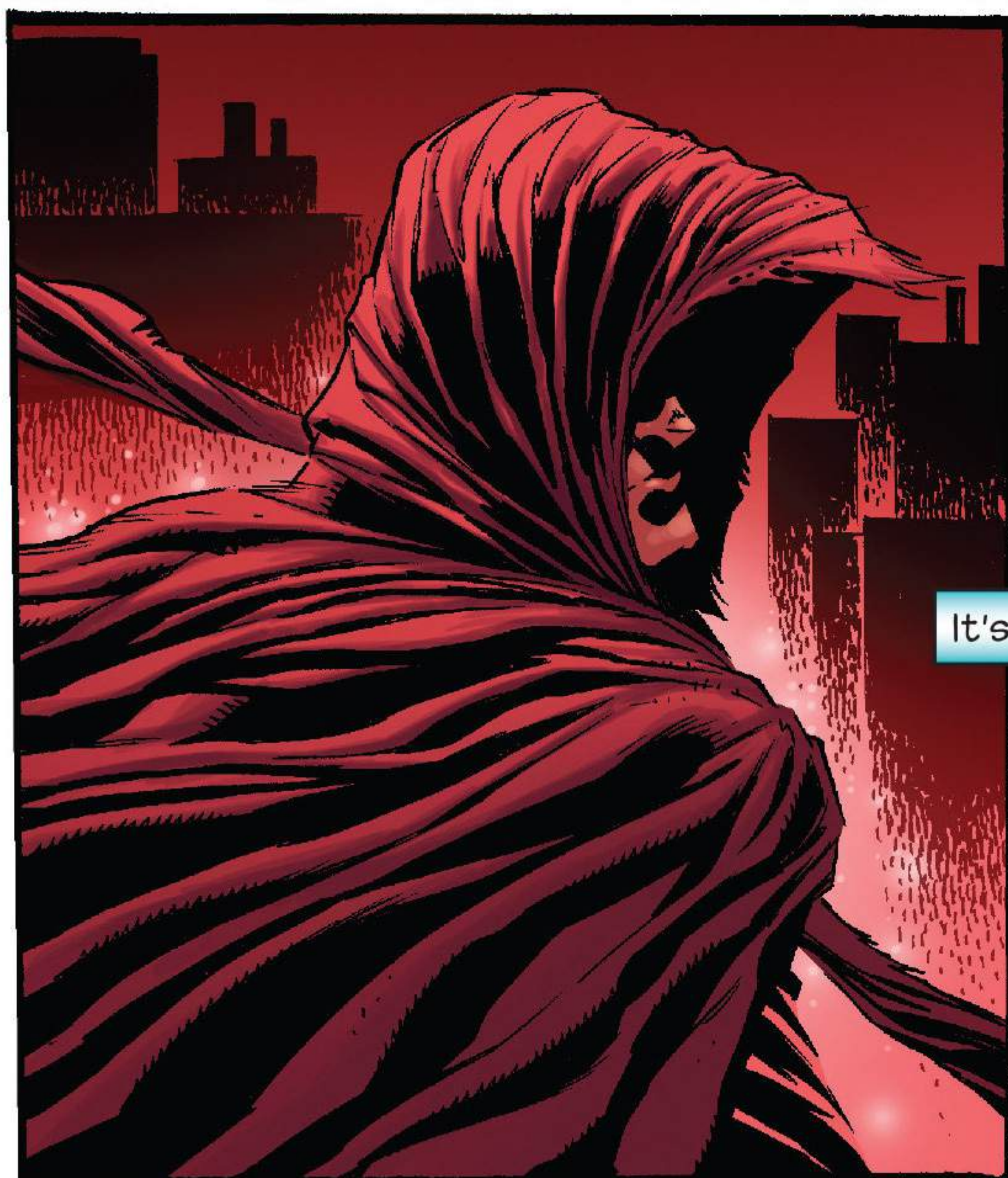


Resolution not high
enough, but it could be...

...it could
be...



It is.



It's *him*.

The Hood.

CENTRAL PARK.

Yaawn...
who pulls a job
at five in the
morning?

For
this kind of
money? I'd
show up in
my *jock*.

How do you
know it's that
much bank?

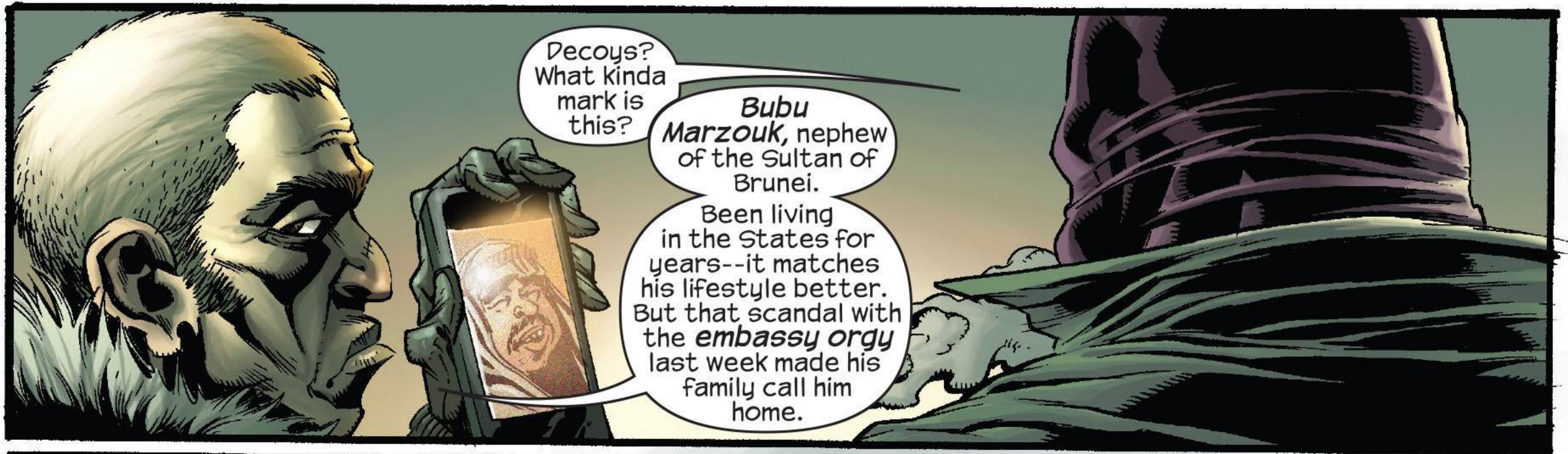
John's his
lieutenant. Believes
everything the boss
man says.

You'll be a
believer after
today, Thunderball.
We're about to come
into a serious
payday.

Why the hell
is just Wrecker and me
up with the trashmen?
Why does everyone else
get to sleep in?

They're not.
Piledriver and
Bushwacker are
scoping a point
uptown.

Griffin and
Crossfire are down
by the *GWB*. There's
three trucks heading
out these routes.
Two are decoys, and
one is the sweet
spot.



Decoys?
What kinda
mark is
this?

**Bubu
Marzouk**, nephew
of the Sultan of
Brunei.

Been living
in the States for
years--it matches
his lifestyle better.
But that scandal with
the **embassy orgy**
last week made his
family call him
home.



Looks like
he's got money
fallin' out his
butt.

He does, and
we're **scoopin'**. He's
kept a fortune here
in a vault--stuff the
Sultan didn't want
traced in banks. And
today it all goes
back.



Damn. How'd
we get clued in
to **that**?

The boss is
getting some
tips from **Way**
up now.

So, we're
taking out all
three trucks
to find the
good one?



"No. He wants us to keep
it quiet as possible. We're
going to get the word on
the right truck from the
horse's mouth. In fact...

Assalam
Alaikum, your
highness.

Yeah,
yeah.

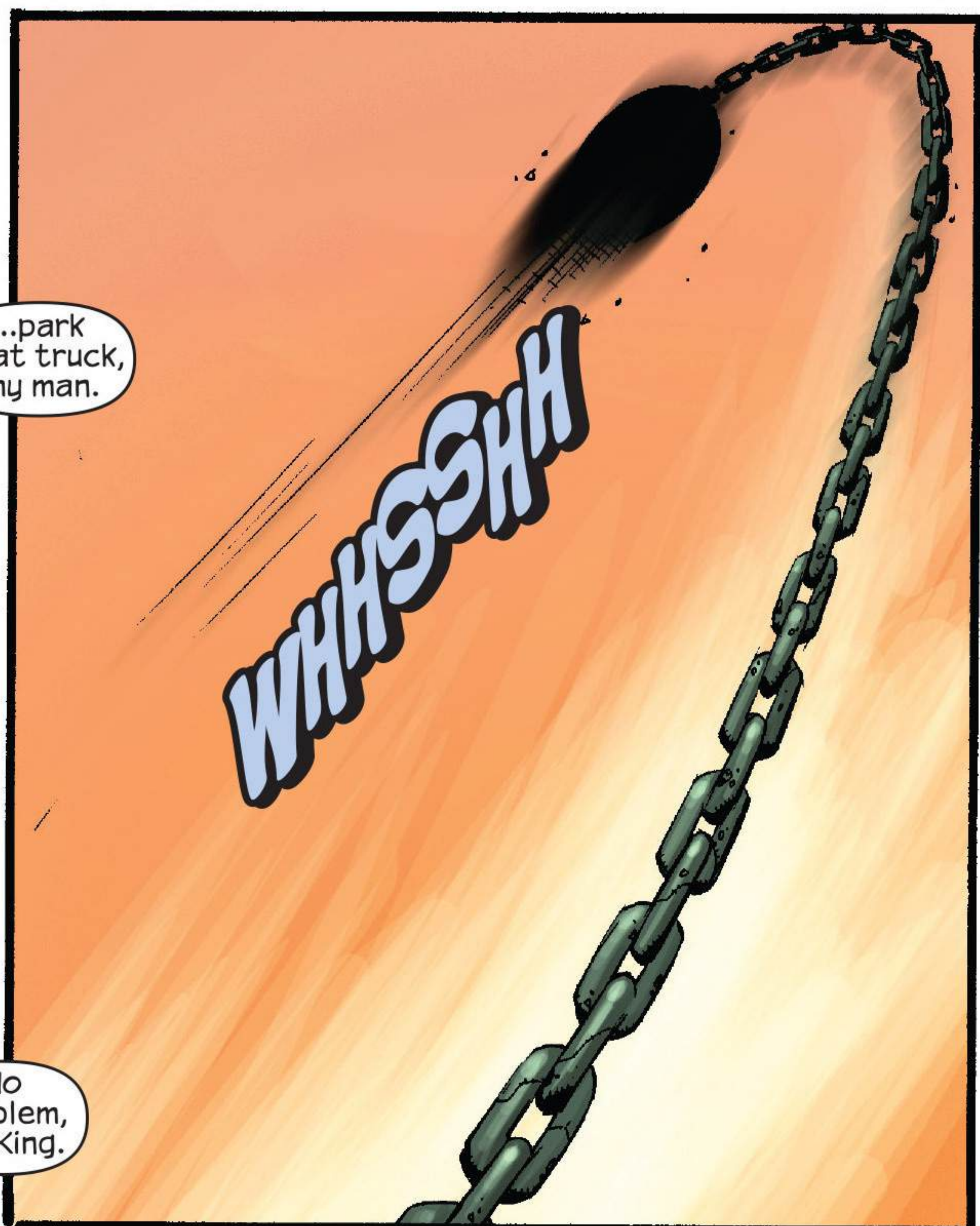


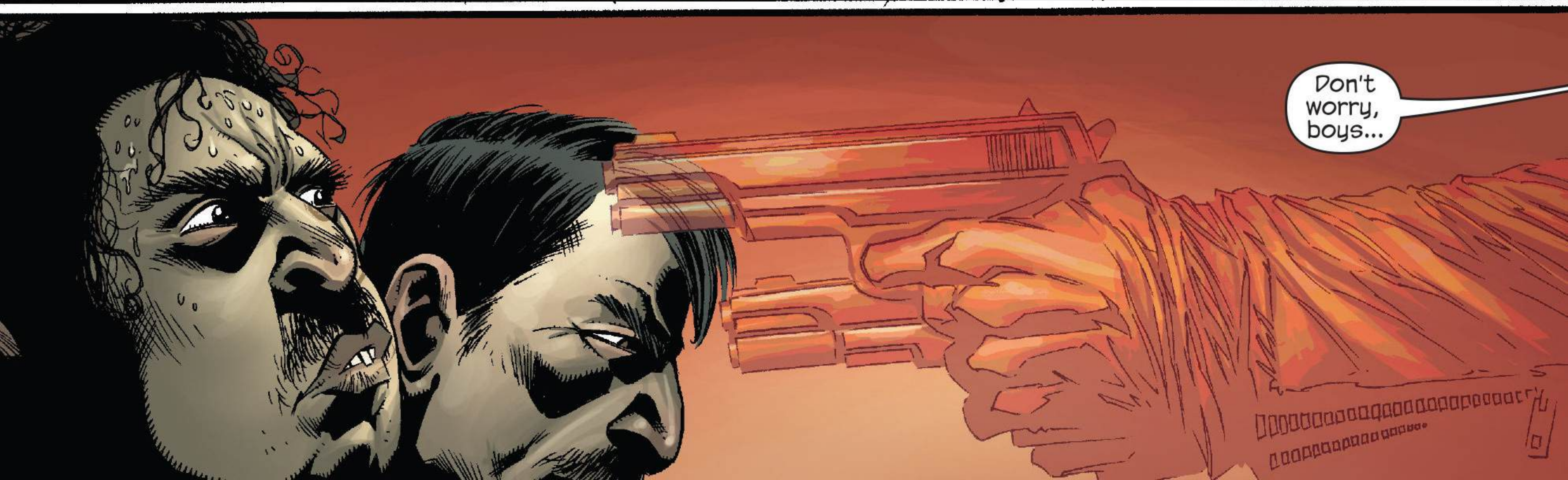
We have a
going away
present for
you, sir.

Ah...you
shouldn't
have.

"...we should be
getting a call
any minute."









...it's
going to
stop.

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

PAYDAY

JEFF PARKER WRITER KYLE HOTZ ARTIST
FRANK MARTIN COLORIST DAVE SHARPE LETTERER
MARKO DJURDJEVIC COVER MIKE HORWITZ ASST. EDITOR
BILL ROSEMAN EDITOR JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER ALAN FINE EXEC. PRODUCER





That all went down in four minutes. Not bad!



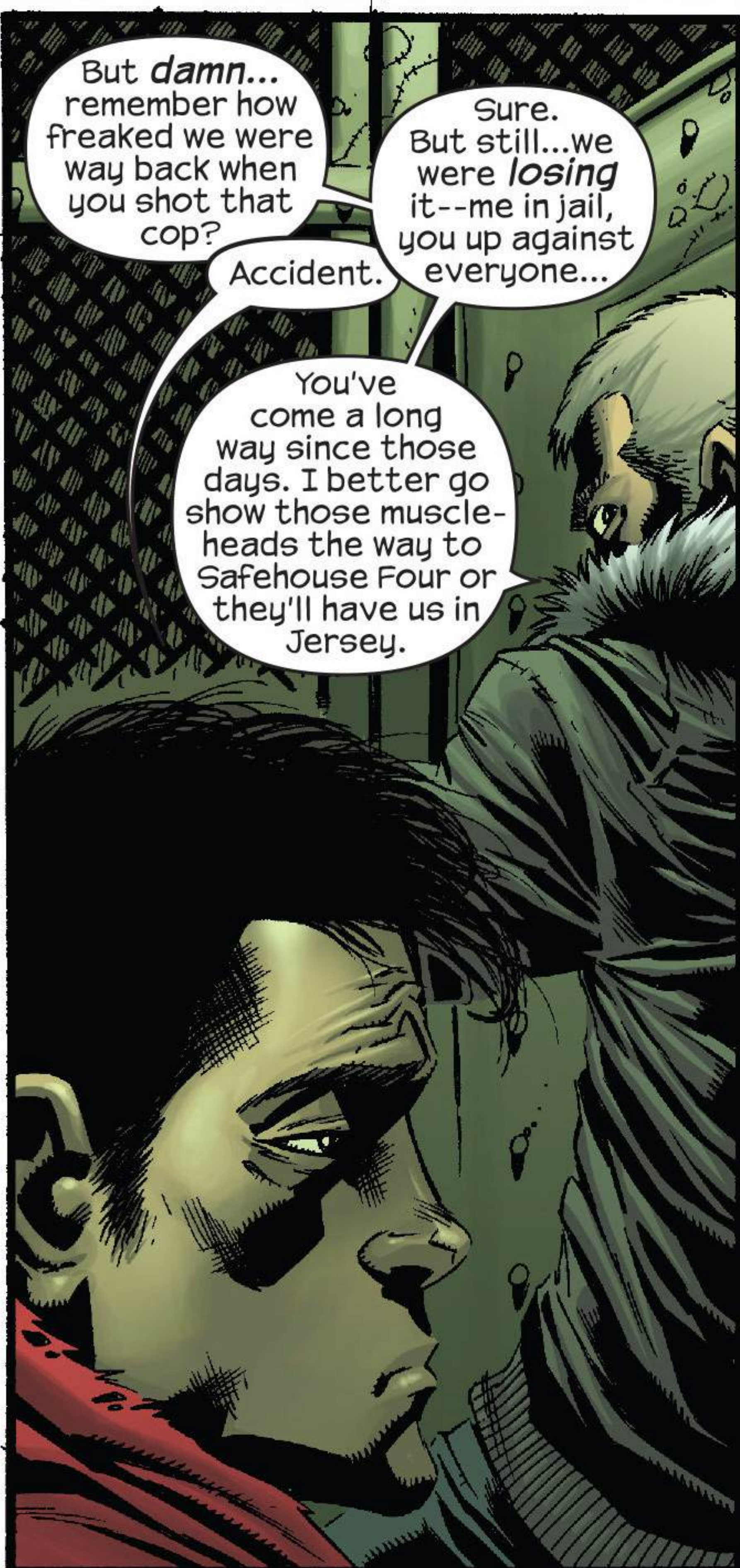
You know most of this stuff is hot, so there's no chance of the Sultan bugging the Feds about it.

It's a perfect job, Parker! You're happy with it, right?



What Thunderball said--you don't think I'm running up a body count for no reason, do you, John?

Well you know. You gotta do what you gotta do.



But *damn*... remember how freaked we were way back when you shot that cop?

Accident.

Sure. But still...we were *losing* it--me in jail, you up against everyone...

You've come a long way since those days. I better go show those muscle-heads the way to Safehouse Four or they'll have us in Jersey.



I'm still the same guy.



You are. The same Parker Robbins.



Who?!

That's not necessary.



There is little left of this mortal's skull for you to shoot.

It...it's *you*, isn't it, Dormammu?



I am *always* with you, Parker. You'll *never* be alone. With every victory, I stand by.

Ready to lead you to *greatness*.



I'm the one with the plans. It's *my* vision shaping things.

I didn't see *you* when I put myself in front of these guys!



You didn't see my foot-prints because it was then that I carried you.

SCREW YOU!



Hey boss, did you call?

What? No, I was--



I was making a call on my cell. Had to let someone have it.



Right, gotcha.

Well, you can kick back now...

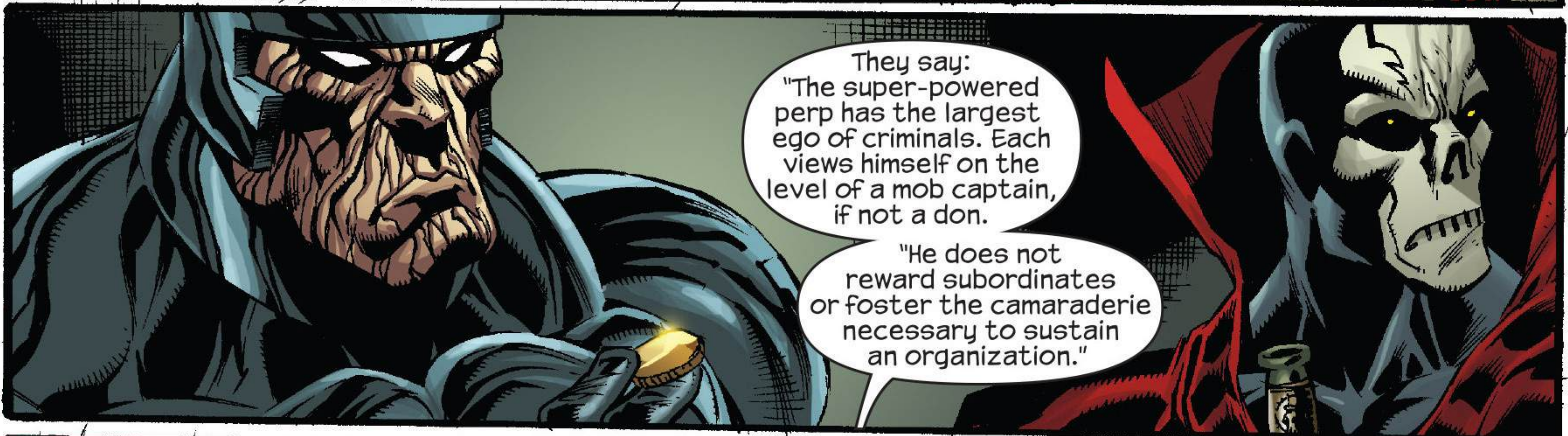
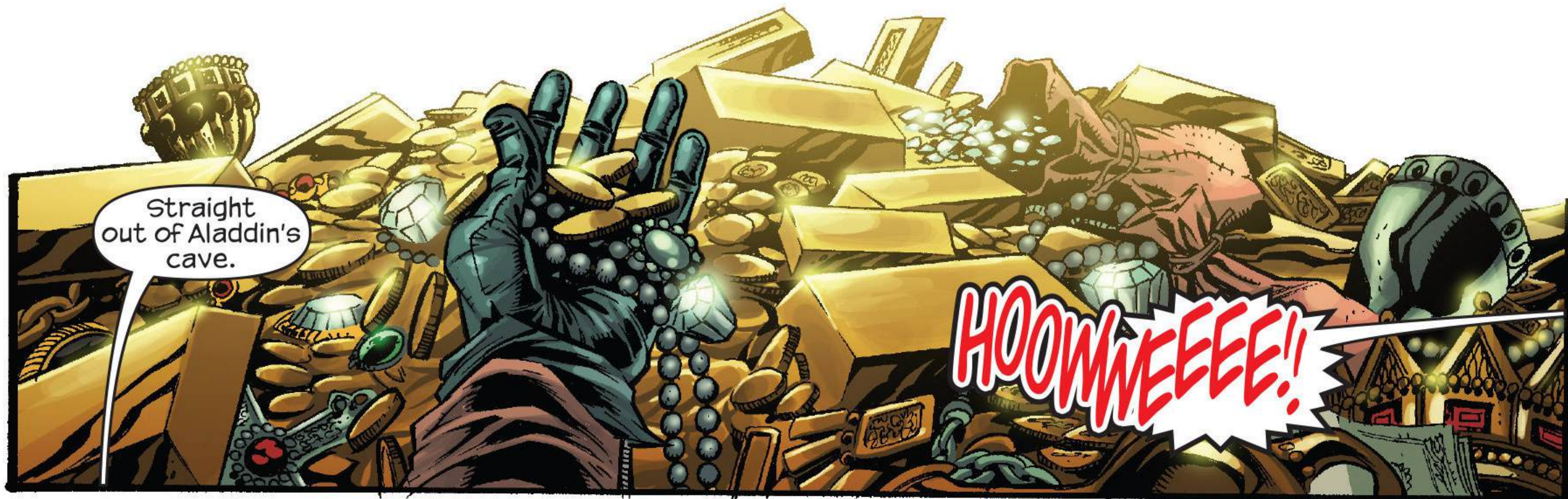


"...chill out until tonight when *everyone* shows up."

The bodies are *atoms*, Hood.

Thanks, Chemistro. Gather round, men.

Not every day you see honest-to-god treasure like this outside story-books.



TWO HOURS LATER...

More wine!

Screw that, more Stoli!

The *hell* you say! I have an excellent heist for Stark Tech ready to implement--
NOW!

Get in line, Controller.

The ladies are not **free**, gents. But you **can** use your chips towards them.

Dude, you need a new costume.





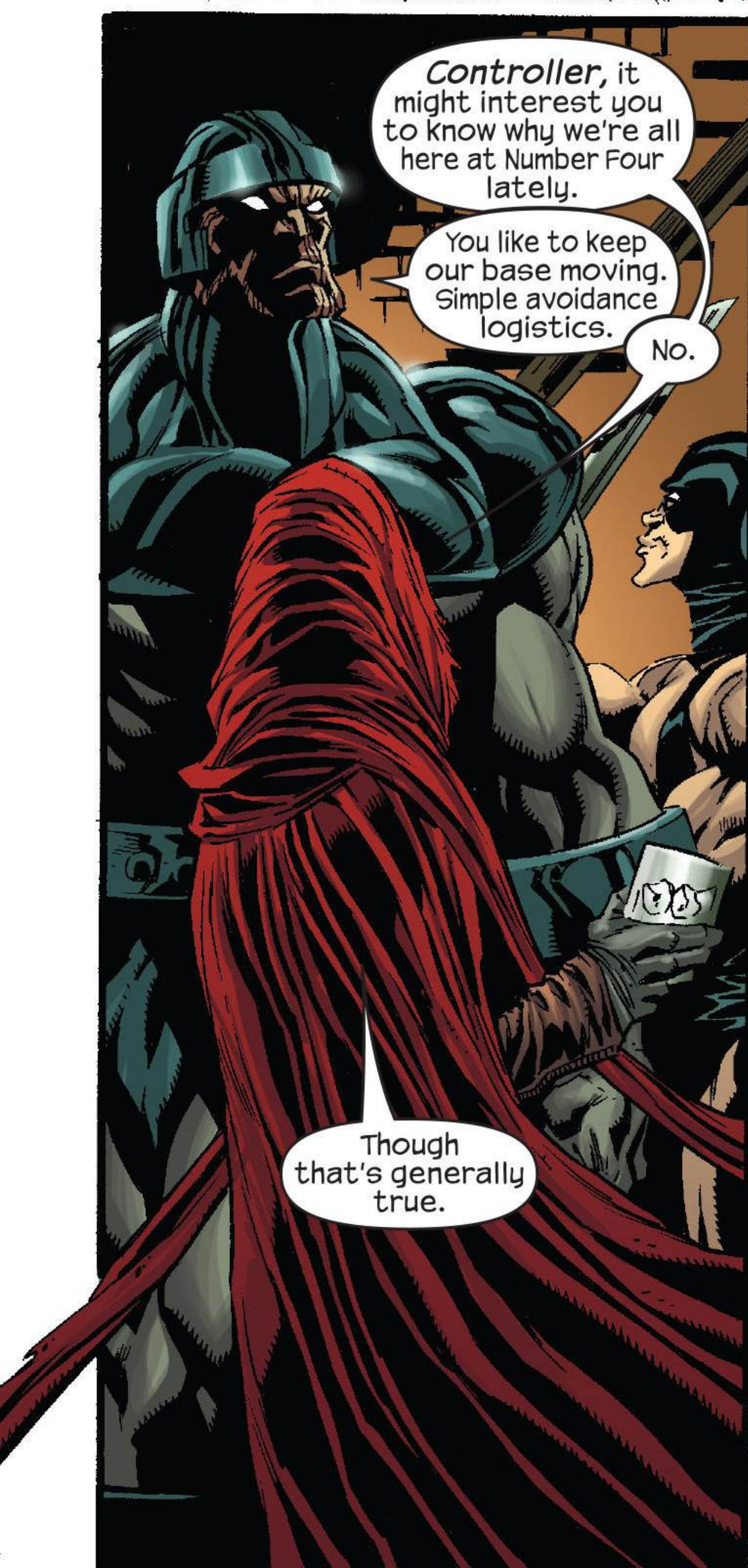
Chemistro, Centurius, Living Laser, Answer--we have a veritable *think tank* of geniuses here, any one of us capable of formulating plans.

Then why do we follow?



Nice. I was afraid we might get to midnight without someone challenging my authority.

Oop--you're not going to go *demonic* on us, are you?



Controller, it might interest you to know why we're all here at Number Four lately.

You like to keep our base moving. Simple avoidance logistics.

No.

Though that's generally true.



It's because over at Number Three I'm having a full set of labs constructed over the next month. Remember a while back when I asked you all what equipment you liked to have?

A photon chamber--with its own power-plant?



That's right, Laser. You guys are plenty strong, but we're going to need those *giant brains* of yours at work soon.

'Scuse me, gents, Madame Masque and I need to talk.



Good. At least he knows to leave the *real thinking* to us.

As well he should. He wouldn't know heroin from sodium benzoate.



No, he *wouldn't*.

Spying for him, King?

Nope. I just want to remind everybody why this setup works when the Masters of Evil, Wrecking Crew, and a dozen others *didn't*.



Mr. *Controller*, you started out as a professional scientist, right?

The *greatest!*

Sure, sure. That's how all you men began. You *fell* into crime, it wasn't your calling.



But The Hood, he started out as a criminal, *then* he got powers. He learned the underworld from the *ground up*--it makes a difference.



You've got a way of putting things, John King. Let's freshen up that drink for you.



Nice work
with Bubbu
today.

I want a bigger
cut--he has a bladder
control problem when
someone points a
gun at him.



Heh. I have
a control problem
when you point at
me, too.

Lights
first.



Don't worry,
I'm not going to
sneak a peek.

Nothing
personal. No
one gets under
the mask.

KLIK



Fine with me.
No one gets under
the Hood either.

Well.
Except like
this.

You're
funny...



...and
nobody knows
but *me*.



Hey, baby.

Rise and shine, Sara.

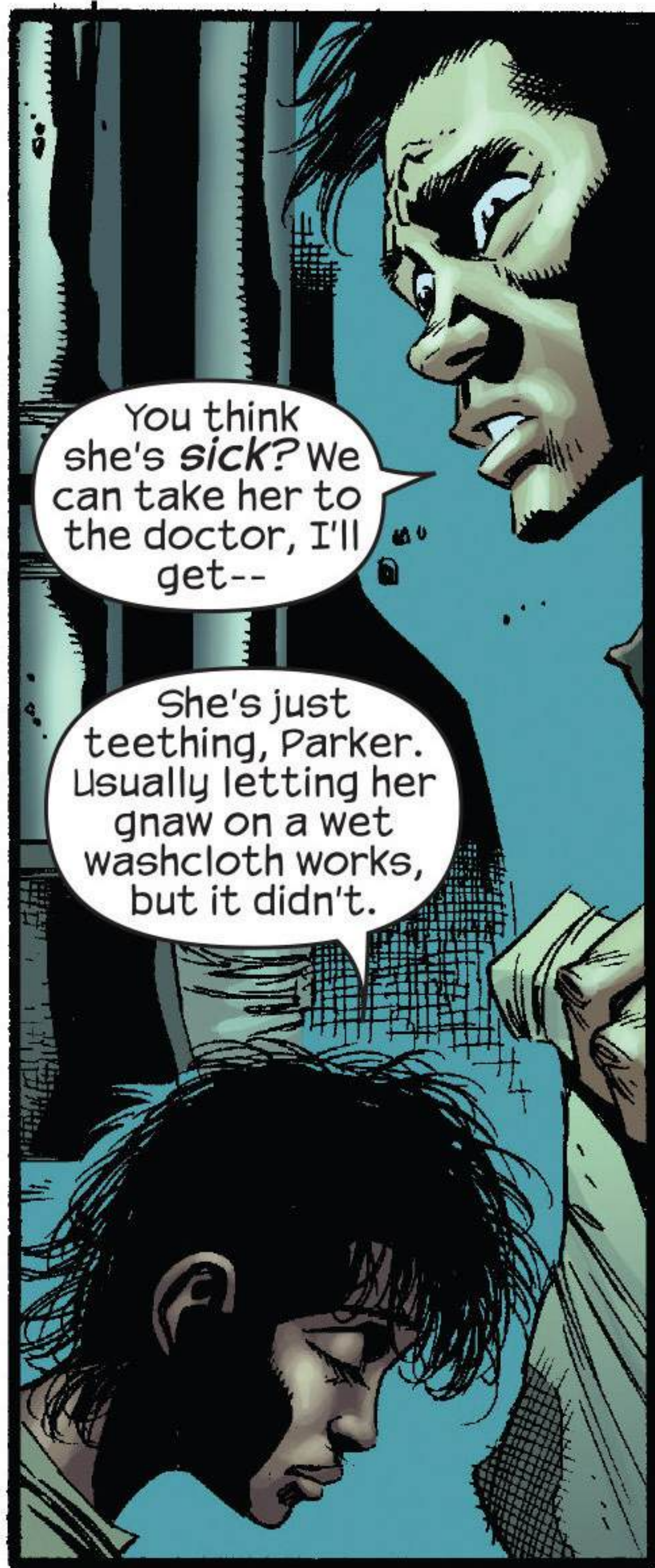
Brought you some breakfast.



Hey. You got to sleep in for a change.

No... yaaahhwwnnh...

Brianna was up all night with a fever, she just went to sleep an hour ago.



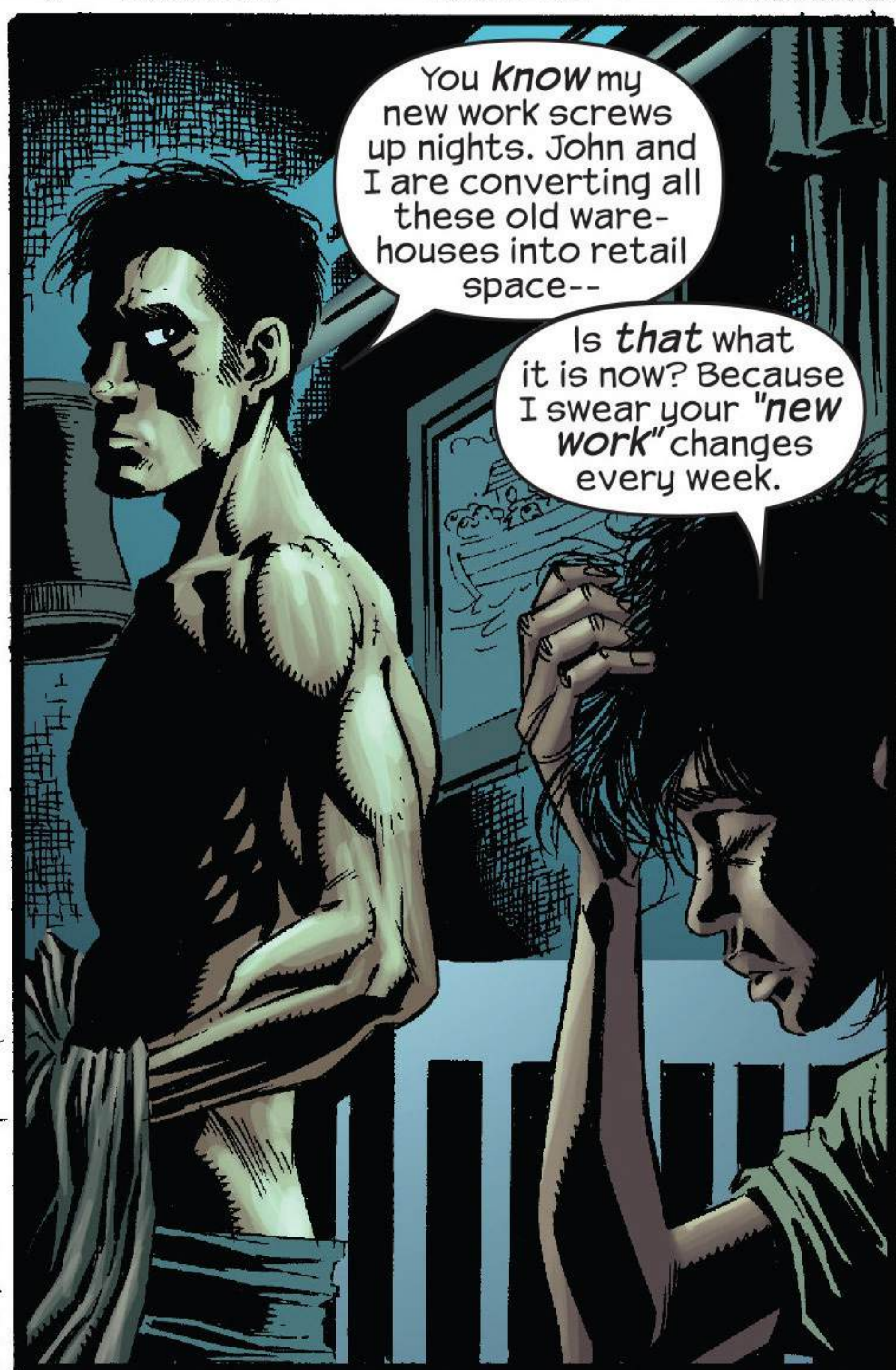
You think she's *sick*? We can take her to the doctor, I'll get--

She's just teething, Parker. Usually letting her gnaw on a wet washcloth works, but it didn't.



So it happens a lot?

Yeah. Just something else you'd know if you spent the night at home once in a while.



You *know* my new work screws up nights. John and I are converting all these old warehouses into retail space--

Is *that* what it is now? Because I swear your "*new work*" changes every week.



Should I sleep on the couch? Fine with me.

No, hell, please get in bed. Even if we're all asleep, at least we'll be doing something together as a family.



I don't know what to tell you, Sara. All I know is, I'm on a roll, and I want to make the most of it while it lasts.

I don't want that little girl having to hustle for every damn thing like we always have.



She might want to...go to college or something, one day. I'm figuring out how to make it happen. I *want* to be around more.

Haven't figured it all out yet.



Sweetie, I know you're trying. I don't want to spend our little time bitching at you, but I get lonely.

And I want Bree to know her daddy.



I want her to be *proud* of him.

I'm not stupid. I know when you're working all night, it ain't *straight*. And your cousin wouldn't know honest work if it bit him. Just...



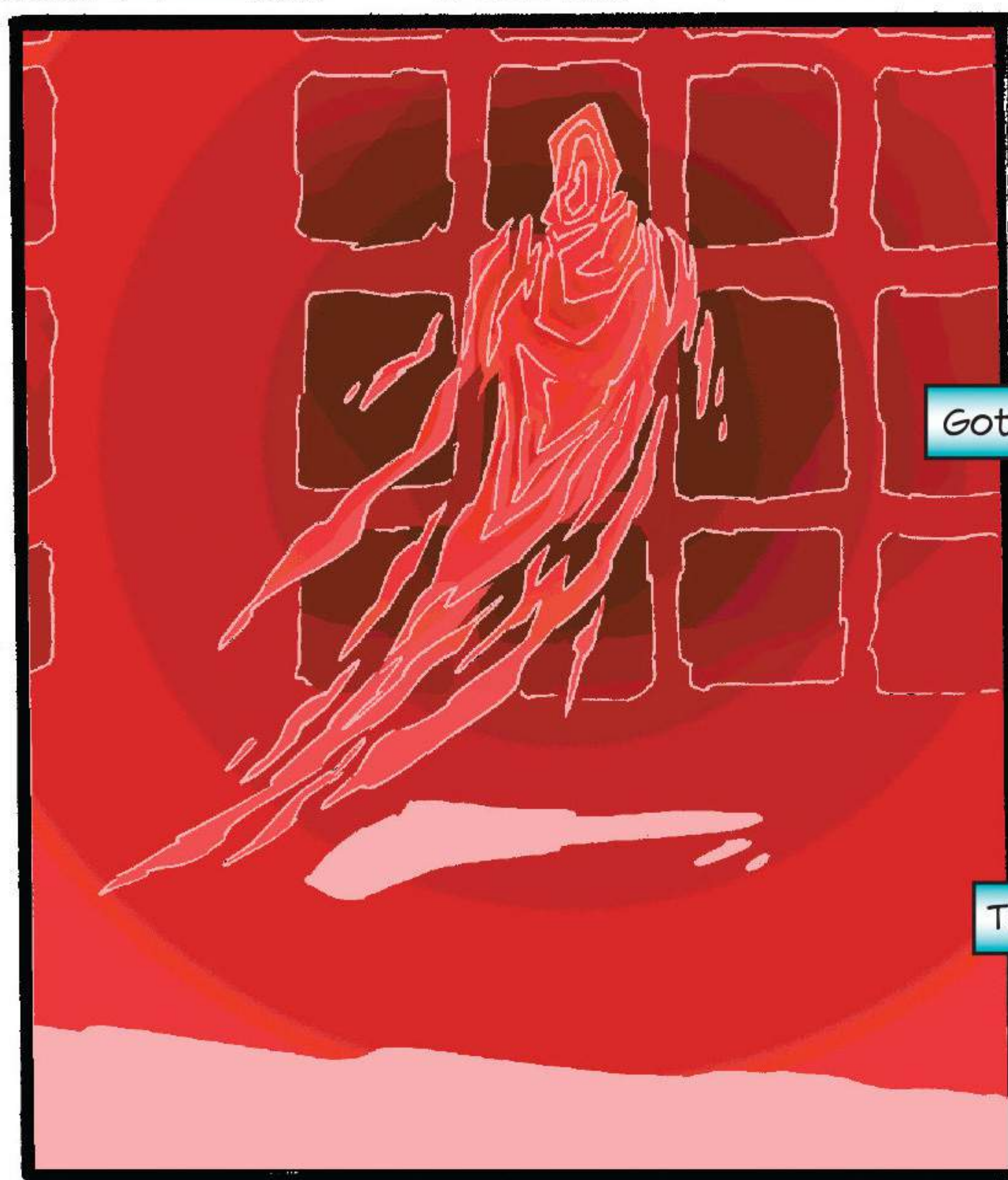
...can you promise me that no one's getting *hurt*?

I can live with you bending the law, but can you just promise me that?



ssnnncchhhh

Damn you, Parker Robbins.



Fire.



Don't go down *that* fast.



I've been hunting you *too long* to end it like that.

Now get *up*...so I can put you in the ground.



NEXT: THE RETURN OF
WHITE FANG!

NEXT ISSUE



MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
2 of 5

PARKER
HOTZ
MARTIN

DARK REIGN™

THE FLOOD™



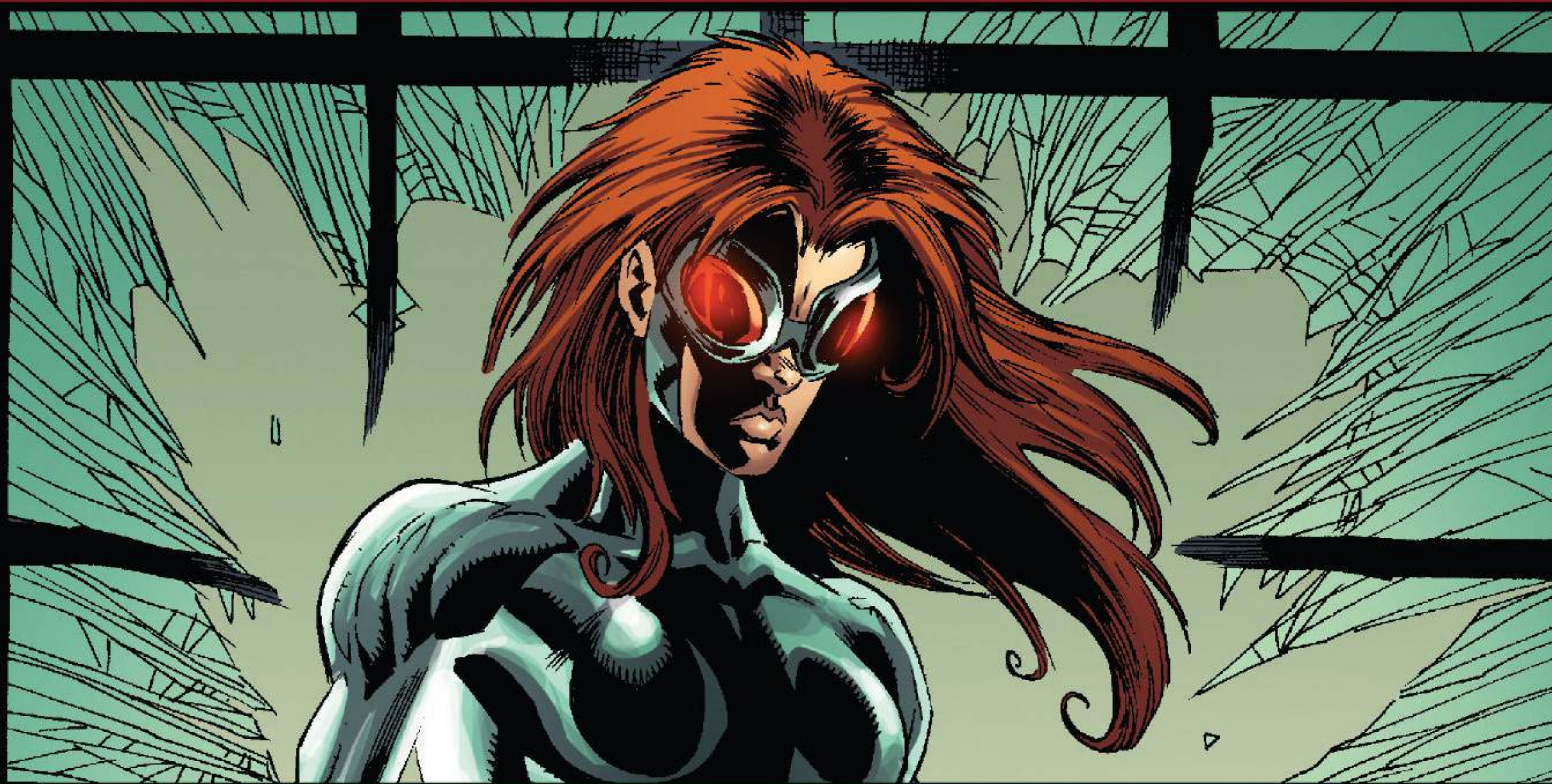
Once upon a time Parker Robbins was just a small-time crook with an institutionalized mother, a pregnant girlfriend, and a string of mistresses. That all changed the day Robbins accidentally came into possession of a demon's cloak, granting him fantastic powers—powers he used to illegally generate cash for his ever-growing list of dependants as...

THE HOOD

When the super hero population was torn apart by civil war, The Hood took advantage of the power vacuum, reinventing himself into the godfather of New York City's costumed underworld...not to mention gaining a seat at Norman Osborn's Cabal of villainous masterminds.

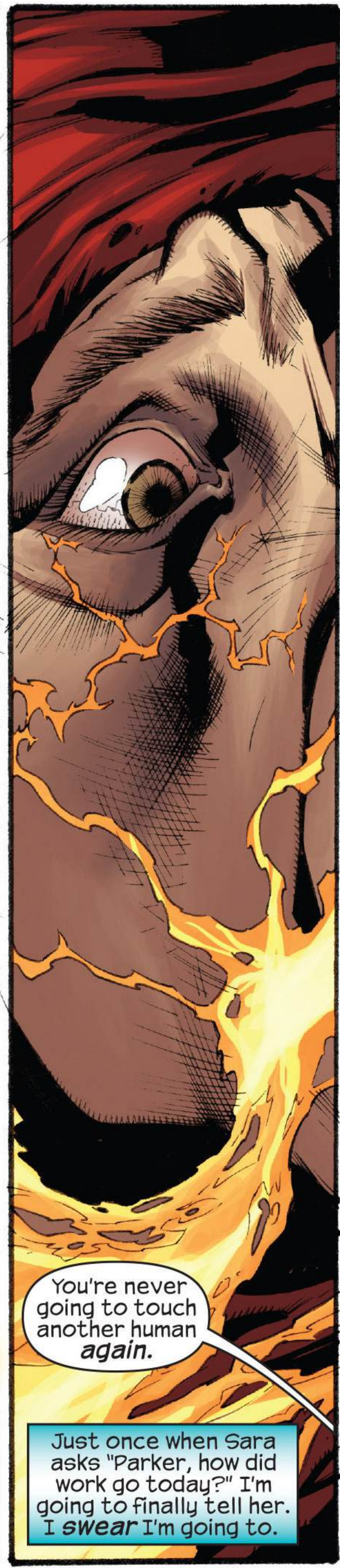
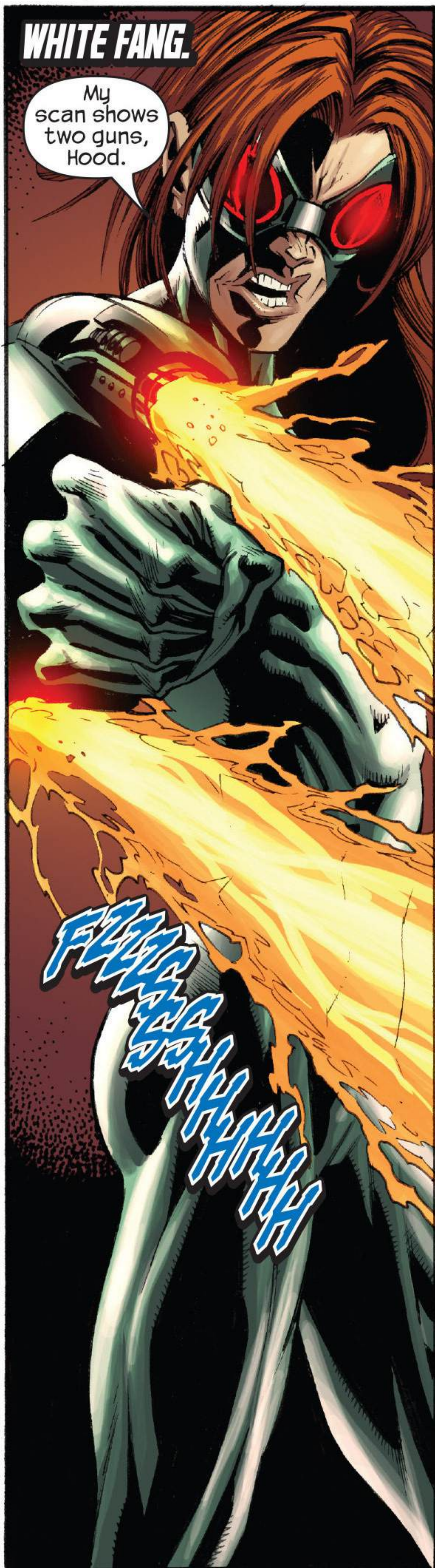
This meteoric ascent wore heavily on Robbins, who keeps his family life secret from his organization at all costs — the world of darkness and treachery must never touch his young daughter. But juggling fatherhood and his new empire was nothing compared to the revelation of the cloak's true master: Dormammu. As the dark god and The Hood grow closer, Parker finds himself literally between hell and a hard place...

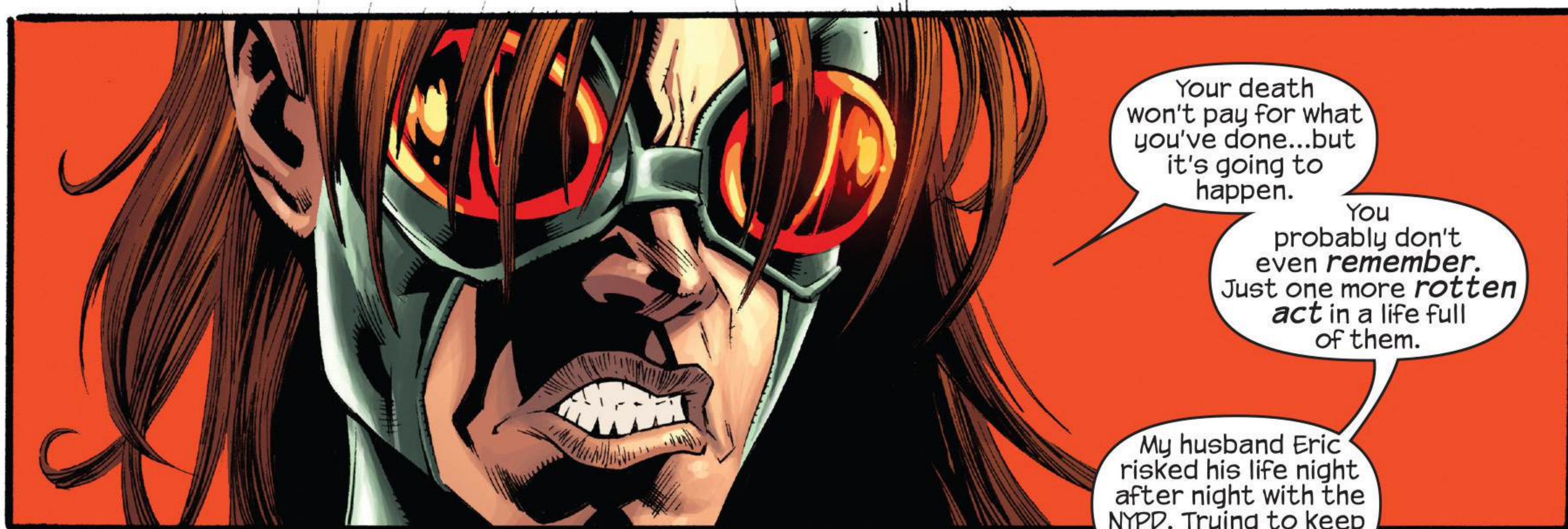
...and vulnerable to a face from a past he would rather forget...



© 2016 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

To find MARVEL COMICS at a local comic and hobby shop, go to www.comicshoplocator.com or call 1-888-COMICBOOK.





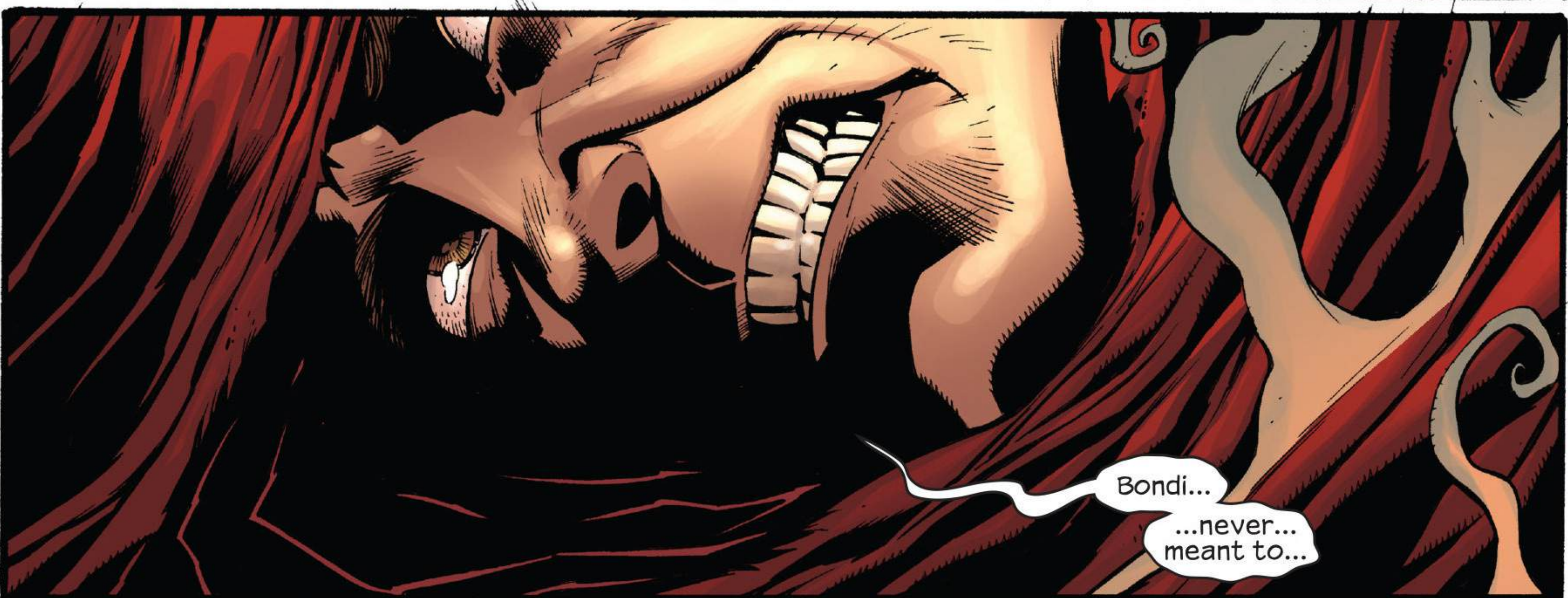
Your death won't pay for what you've done...but it's going to happen.

You probably don't even *remember*. Just one more *rotten act* in a life full of them.

My husband Eric risked his life night after night with the NYPD. Trying to keep this city half sane.



An ordinary cop, and *you*--this living *ghost*--went and gunned him down like a *dog*.



Bondi...
...never...
meant to...



You remember his name? *Really?*

I'm kind of surprised.





AAH-
HAAA!!!

You don't
leave much
of a trail.



The
fact that it's
taken me so
long to track
you has been
good.



I've had
time to test
out my gear,
refine it.

Use it on
lots of *thugs*,
see what
works, what
doesn't.



If I'd run into
you as soon as
I'd finished it, I
wouldn't have
been ready.



But now I
am. It's all come
together.

All building
to *this*.



You know what your mistake was?
You had to get *ambitious*.



Started forming your big *supercrime syndicate*. Maybe I would've never found you if not for that.

≡Coff coff≡
≡ahhookk...≡



Your creeps can't keep their mouths shut-- *they* leave massive trails all over the city.

Then I found out about your safehouse-*pleasure palaces*. You move them around, but it was only a matter of time before I caught you going in.





Time.

You're
all out
of it.



Parker
Robbins, you need
help. The help of
Dormammu.



Let me
help or you
will die.

N...noo.



NO? Are
you begging me
to *stop*?



You want
to be spared?
Really?!

Like
you spared
Eric?

Don't...



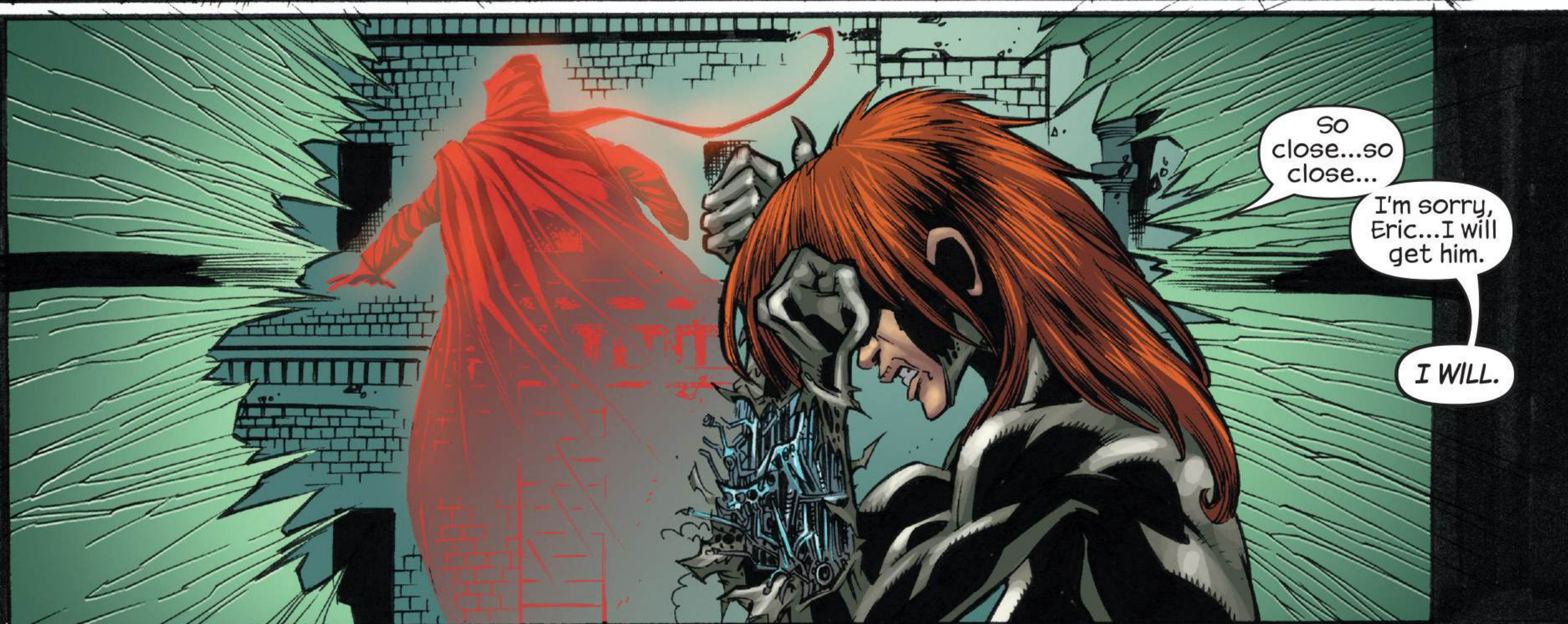
I can make
this stop. Or
everything you've
done will have been
for *nothing*.



But
you must
let me.







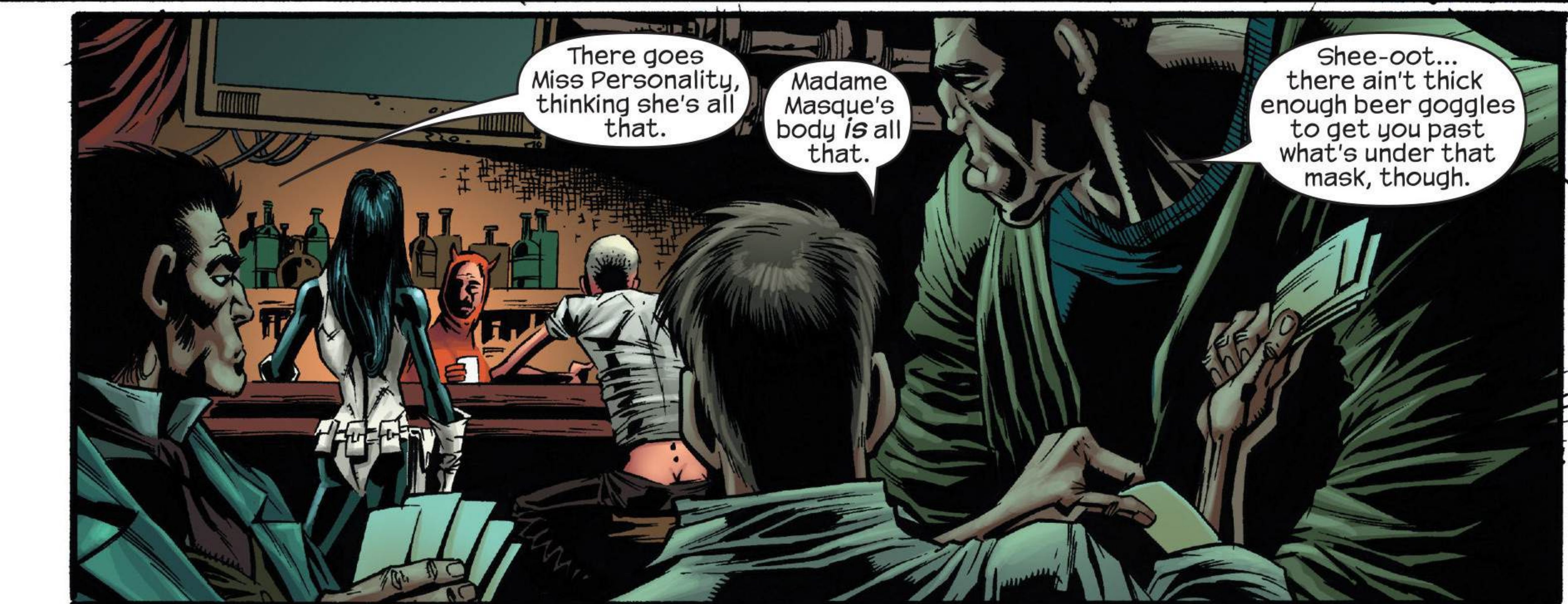


HOOD
HIDEOUT...

--thinkin'
of getting a
new look.

Hey, Western
is coming back, Ox.
Besides, what ya
gonna do, dress up
like an animal?

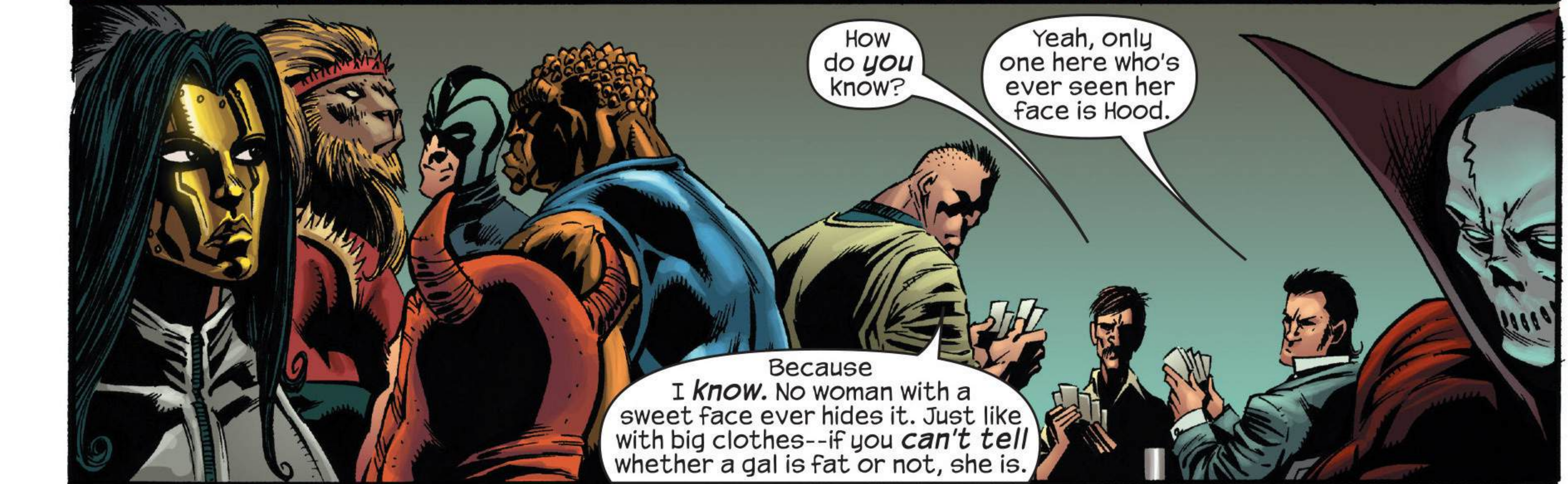
Be one o'
those pajama
boys like the
Rhino? Well
well.



There goes
Miss Personality,
thinking she's all
that.

Madame
Masque's
body *is* all
that.

Shee-oot...
there ain't thick
enough beer goggles
to get you past
what's under that
mask, though.



How
do *you*
know?

Yeah, only
one here who's
ever seen her
face is Hood.

Because
I *know*. No woman with a
sweet face ever hides it. Just like
with big clothes--if you *can't tell*
whether a gal is fat or not, she is.



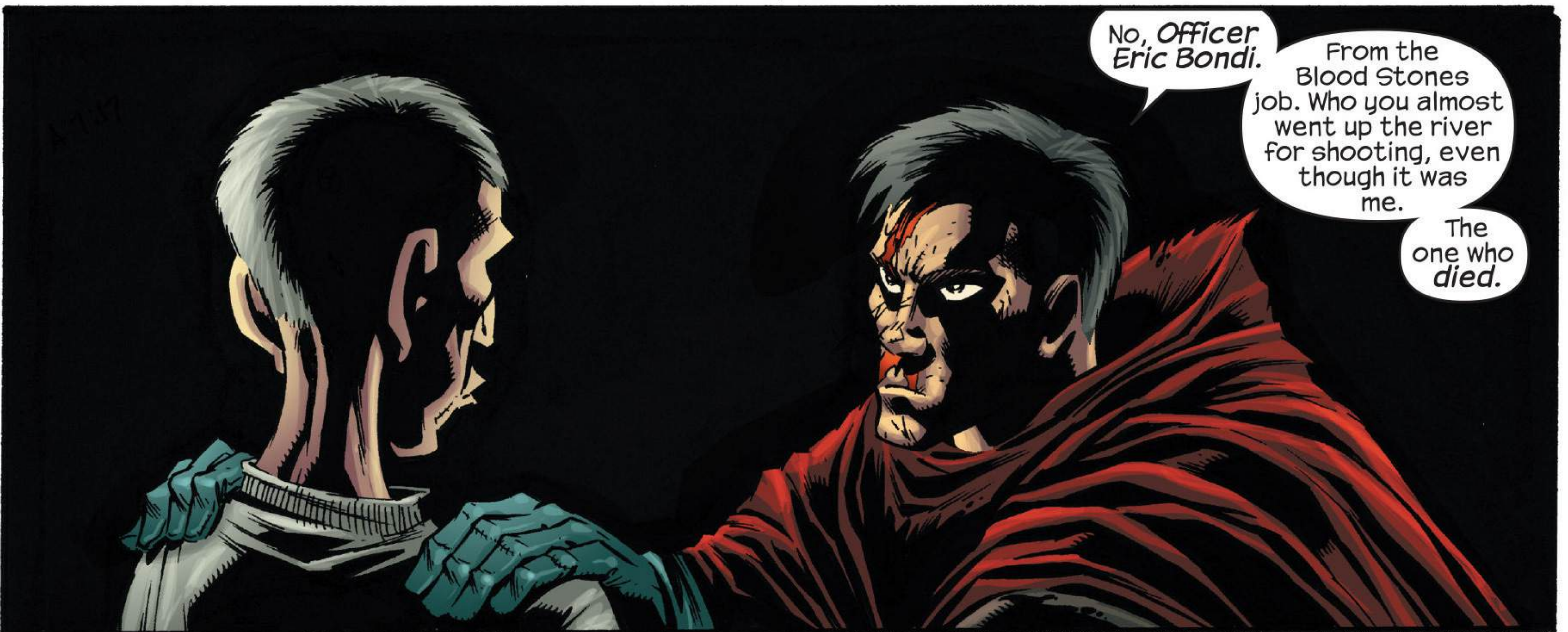
Why is H all
over *that* action
then if she's a
hound dog?

You know half
these chumps have
a mask thang. All
about the
fetish.



Or maybe
he likes that she
doesn't *run her*
mouth all the
time.

Yeah, I
could see--
oh. S'up.



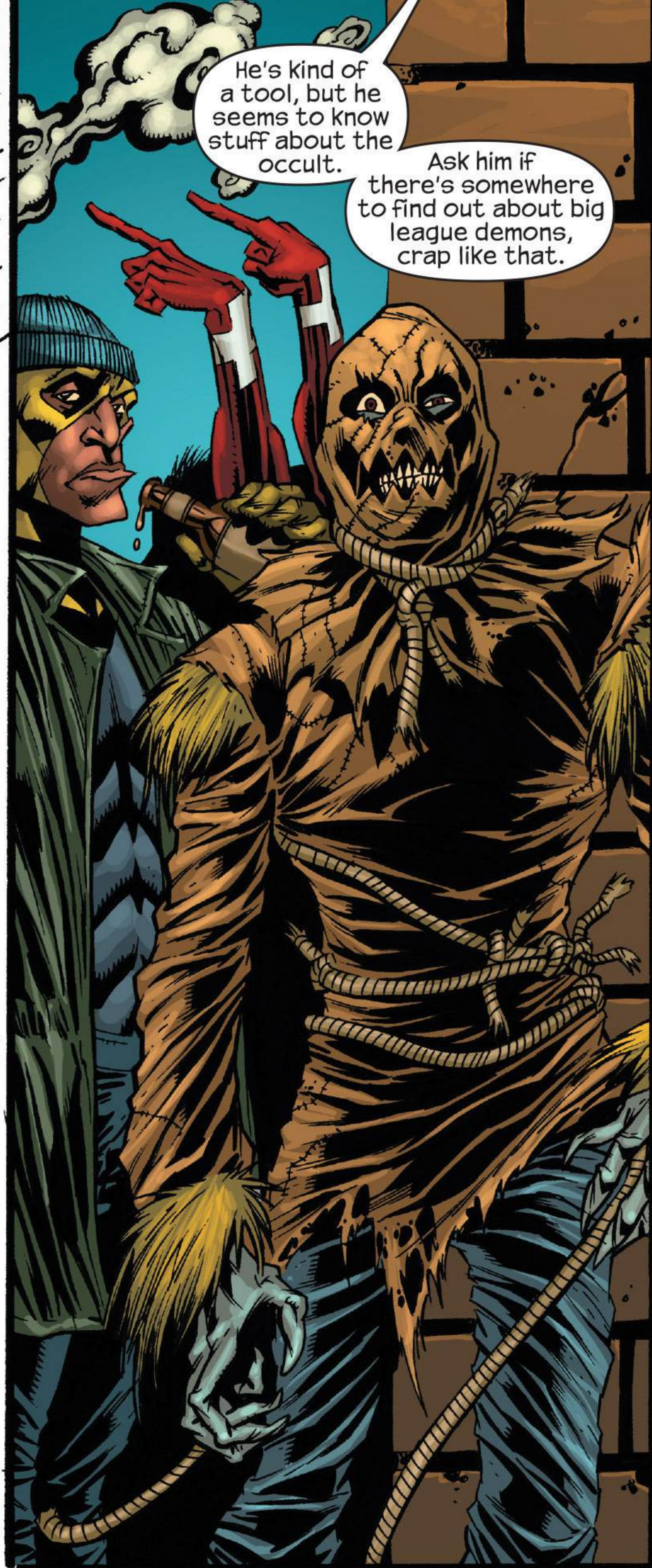




Believe me, I *know*. And I'm through playing fast and loose with this thing.

You see the Scarecrow down there?

Yeah.



He's kind of a tool, but he seems to know stuff about the occult.

Ask him if there's somewhere to find out about big league demons, crap like that.



I could play it like we might be recruiting more maybe?

Whatever. I just can't do it. I have to look like I know what I'm doing. These guys smell *ignorance* on me and it's blood in the water.



Hey, you want to go play a couple of hands of stud?

Can't. I have to get up in the morning again for a meeting.

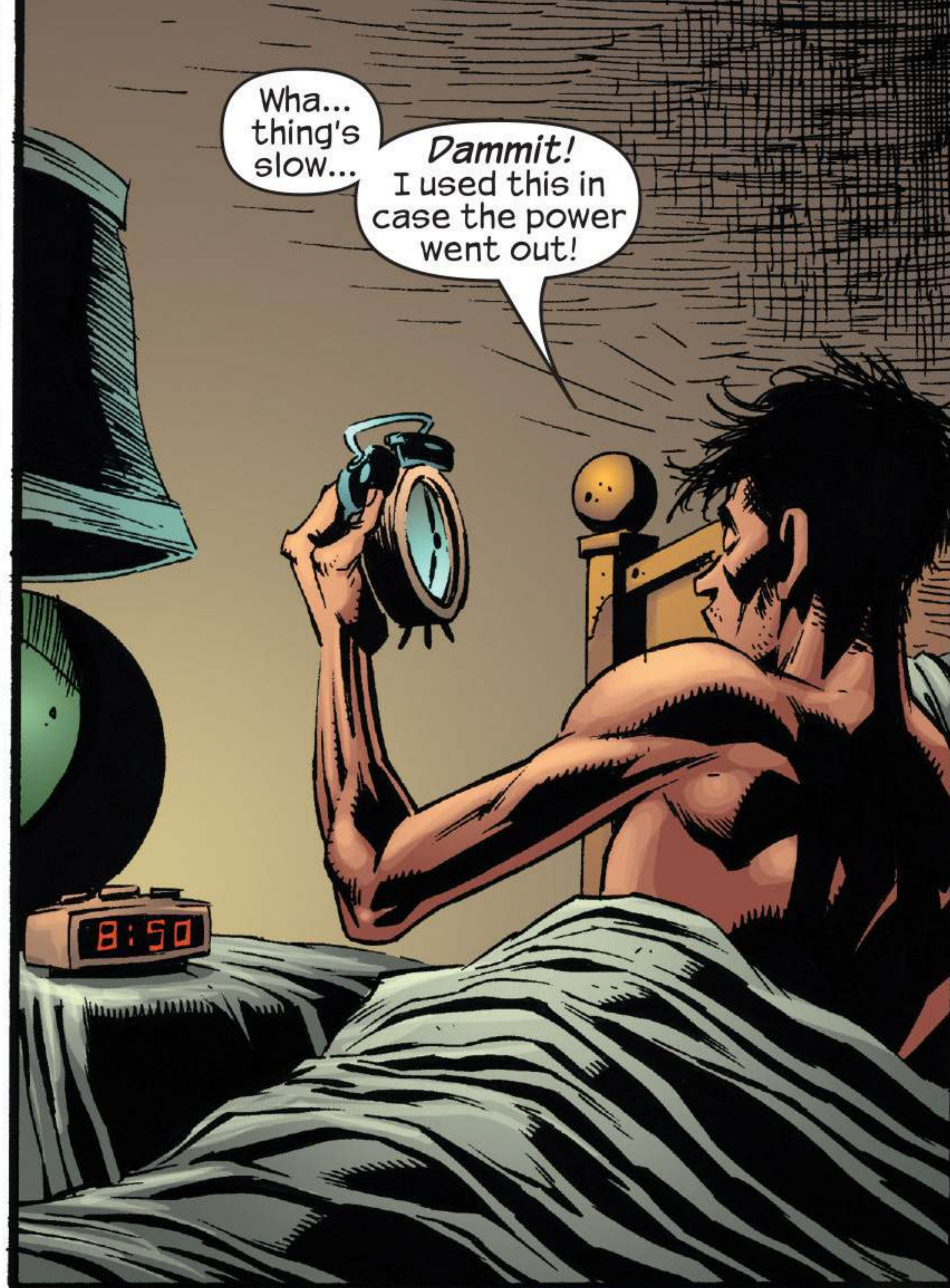
With who?



Fine.

SLAM

You'll tell me about hoo-doo spirits possessing you, but this private club is so super secret your cuz can't be trusted. I see how it is.



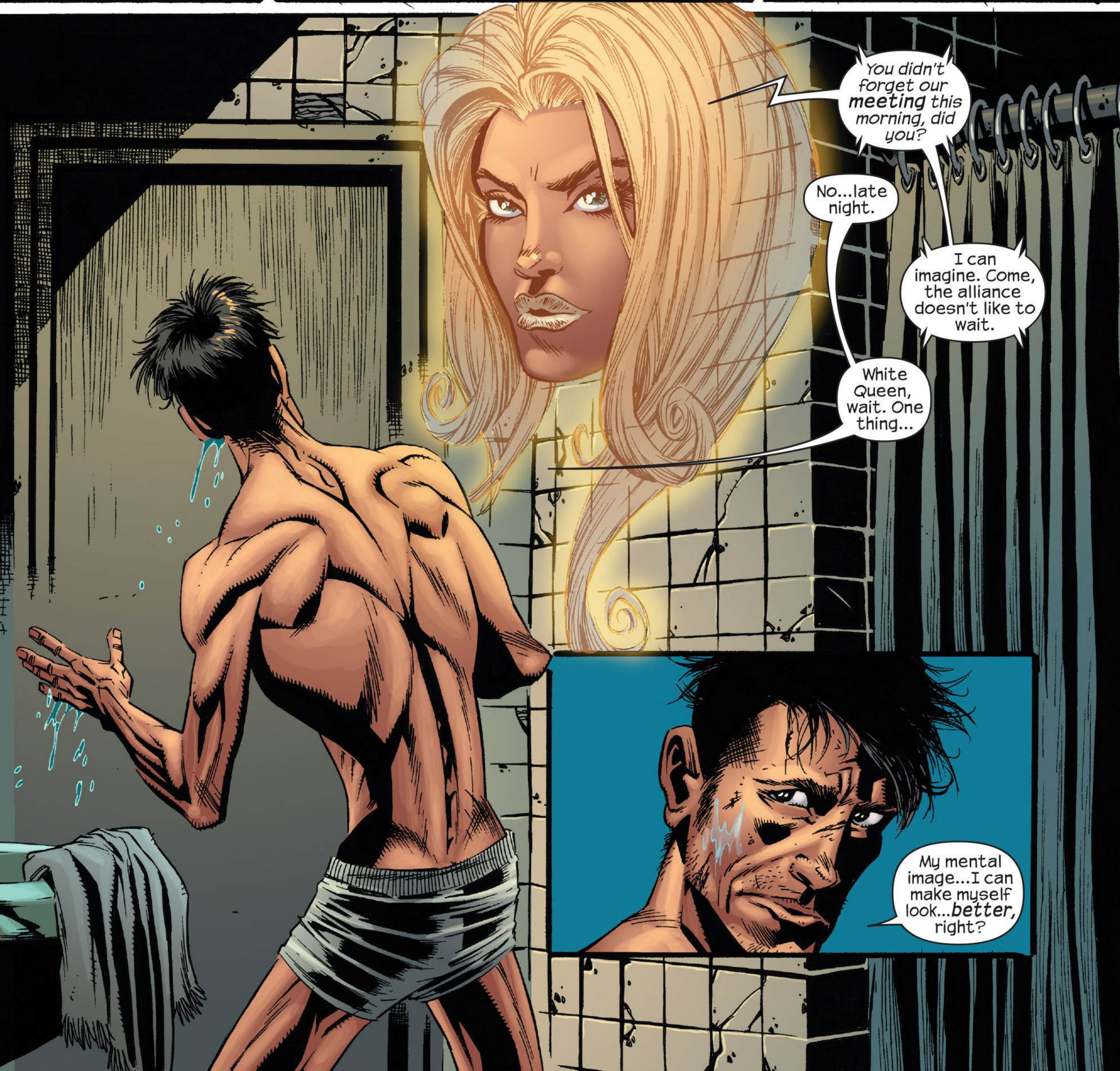
Wha...
thing's
slow...

Dammit!
I used this in
case the power
went out!



Don't even
have time to
get coffee--

*Good
morning.*



You didn't
forget our
meeting this
morning, did
you?

No...late
night.

I can
imagine. Come,
the alliance
doesn't like to
wait.

White
Queen, wait. One
thing...

My mental
image...I can
make myself
look...*better*,
right?

Hello everyone, I'm bringing you all in now.

Osborn has let me know that he needs a minute to find a private room and will join us shortly.



Was this mindscape intended to make me as comfortable as possible?

I thought boys liked silly things like secret volcano bases.

DR. DOOM

LOKI

NAMOR

EMMA FROST

It looks like Hel. I approve.



I told Osborn how one should storm the Baxter Building, I see no reason why I should be disturbed any further.

Come now, Victor. Surely you have a morbid fascination with the recent changes in America.

Though it is a bit less interesting now that Asgard resides in Latveria.



A nice alliance for the two of you, I'm not sure how we all benefit.

Namor, I hardly need to remind you that a rising tide lifts all ships.





I prefer a maelstrom, that *sinks* all ships, Loki.

It remains to be seen how this agreement benefits Atlantis. I care only for my people...



...and I do not see what *monarchs* have in common with *criminals*.



Maybe a lot of my men *wouldn't* be considered criminals everywhere else.

Maybe people just aren't comfortable with the *power* we have... finally coming *together* under one roof.



That's why I brought you to the table, Hood. You've done something no one else has been able to.

Whew.



Apologies, all. My Avengers needed some more direction before setting out.

Not that I need explain the complexities of rule to any of you.

NORMAN OSBORN



Interesting choice for a teleconference, Miss Frost.

I thought so.

Anyway...



I caught part of that discussion as she brought me in. And The Hood is right.

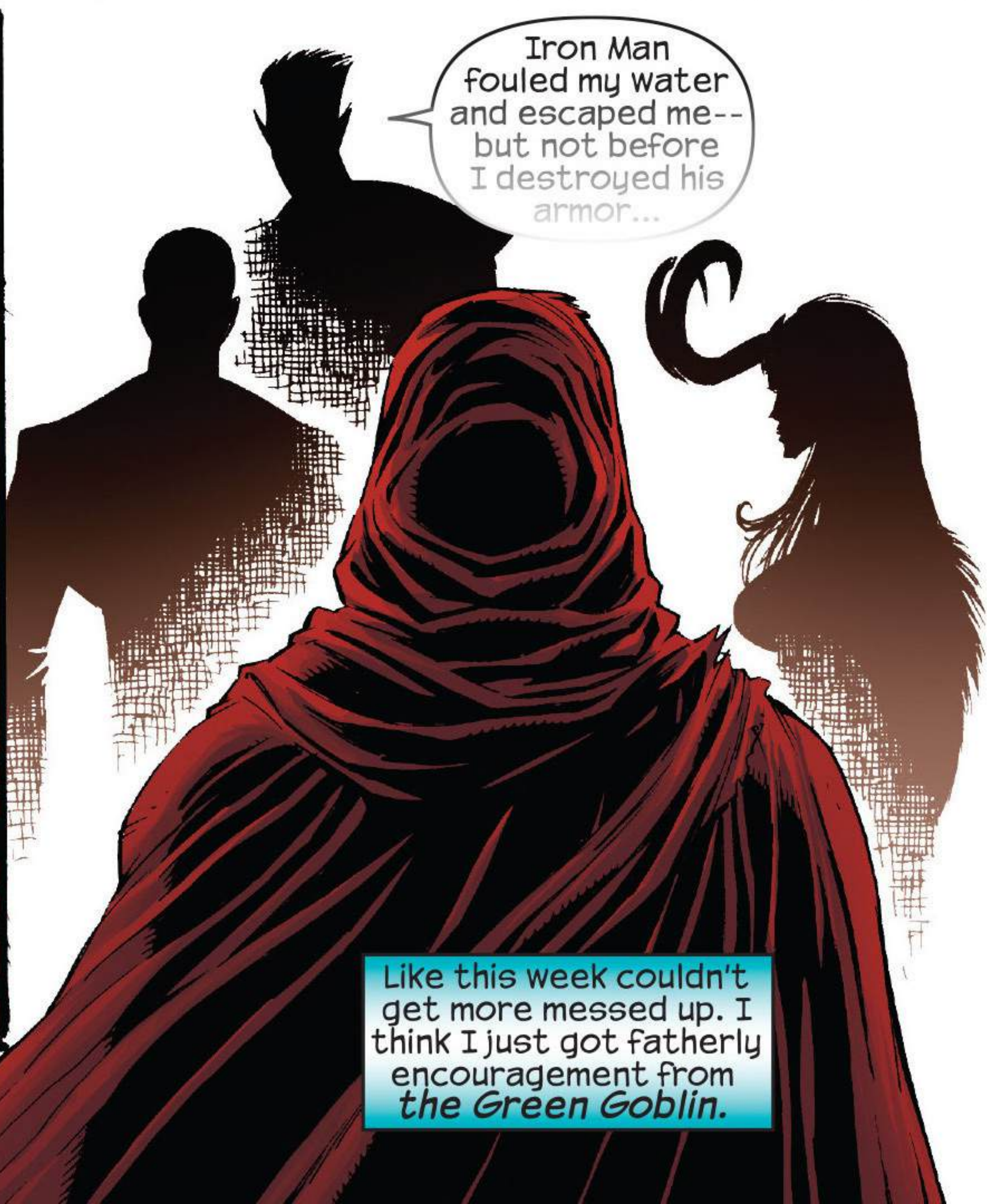
All of us have been considered criminals by the world at some point. The world isn't comfortable with people who have *vision*.

Because it's people like us who *change* that world.



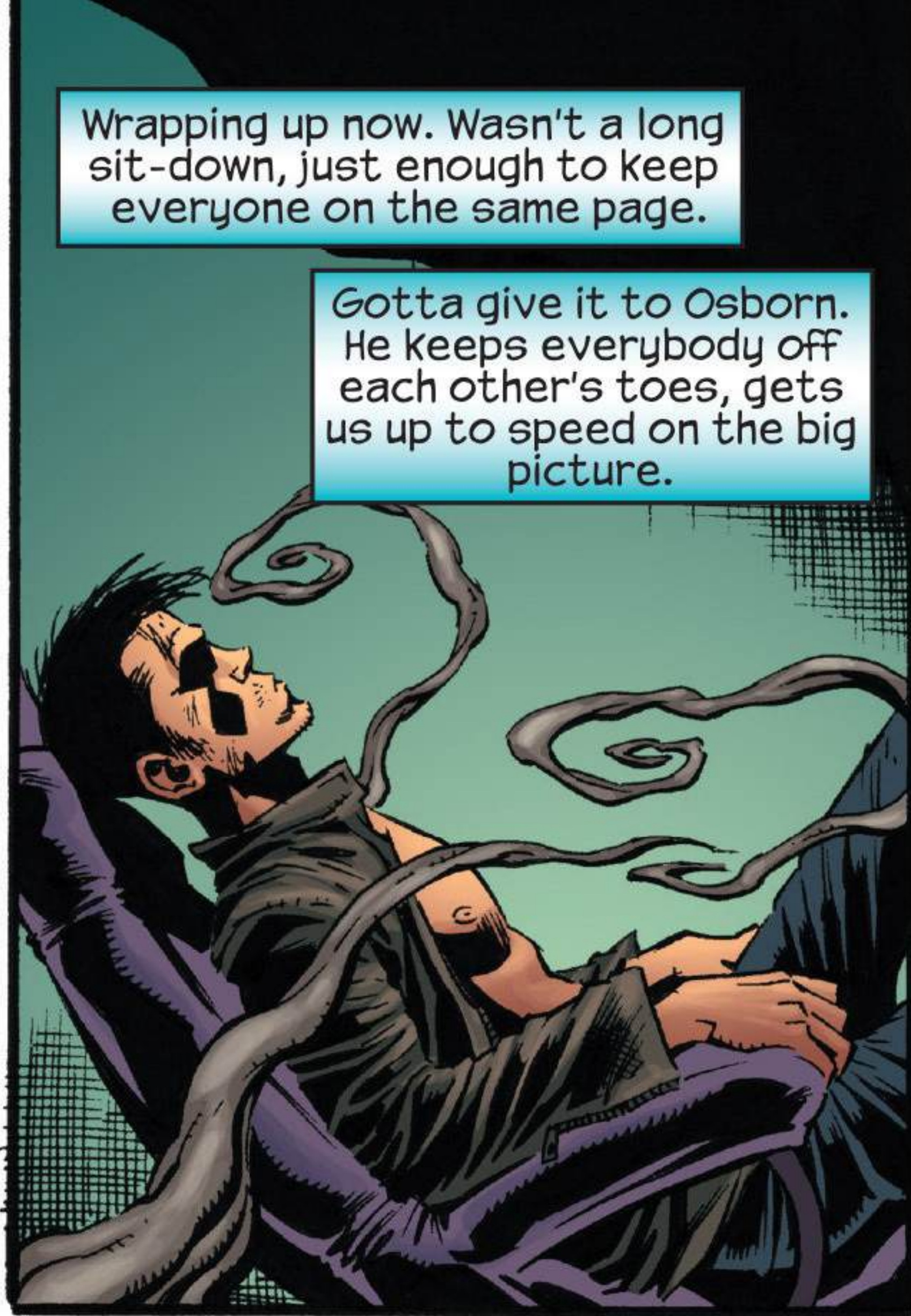
Heroes, villains...it's all a matter of perspective.

So--let's get down to business, see how much progress we've made fixing this world. Namor?



Iron Man fouled my water and escaped me-- but not before I destroyed his armor...

Like this week couldn't get more messed up. I think I just got fatherly encouragement from *the Green Goblin*.



Wrapping up now. Wasn't a long sit-down, just enough to keep everyone on the same page.

Gotta give it to Osborn. He keeps everybody off each other's toes, gets us up to speed on the big picture.

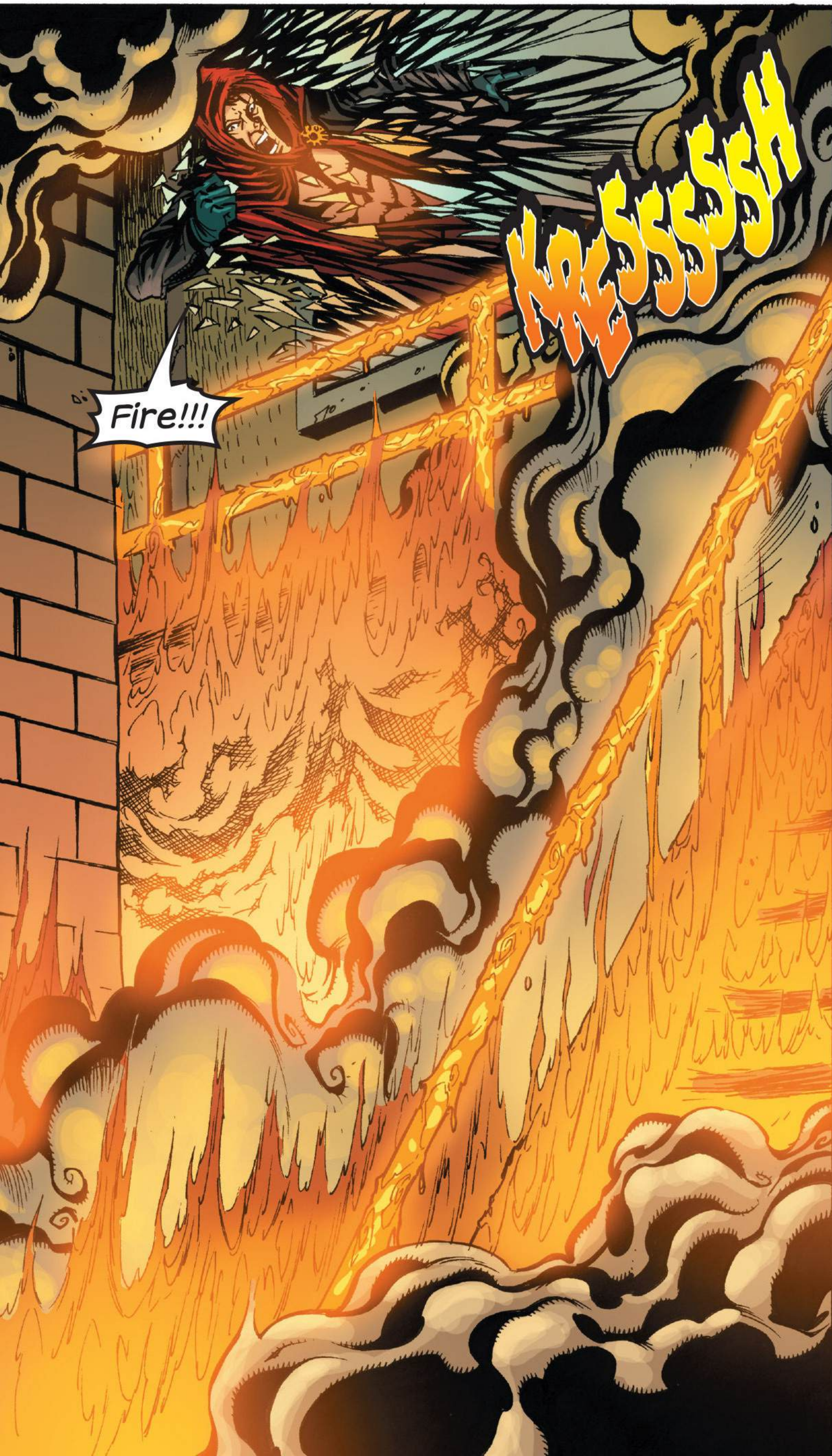


All stuff I can use with my ga--

Is that... smoke?



Fire.



Fire!!!

KRASSSSSH



There you are! I couldn't get up to you and your phone wasn't on!

John, what happened?!



No one knows! >koff< Most everyone was gone. I was takin' a dump and walked out into a wall a' smoke!



Okay, I know somebody's gonna blame this on me, but *nobody* knows how to control flame like--

Forget it, Scorch. Nobody thinks it's you. Too obvious.

Probably just old warehouse wiring.



But how about doing a quick run-through and making sure anything incriminating is burned too--before those firetrucks get here.

No problem.



Tell everybody we'll use building *three* for the next few weeks. I got to meet Sara down in SoHo.

Sure--aw hell, I almost forgot.

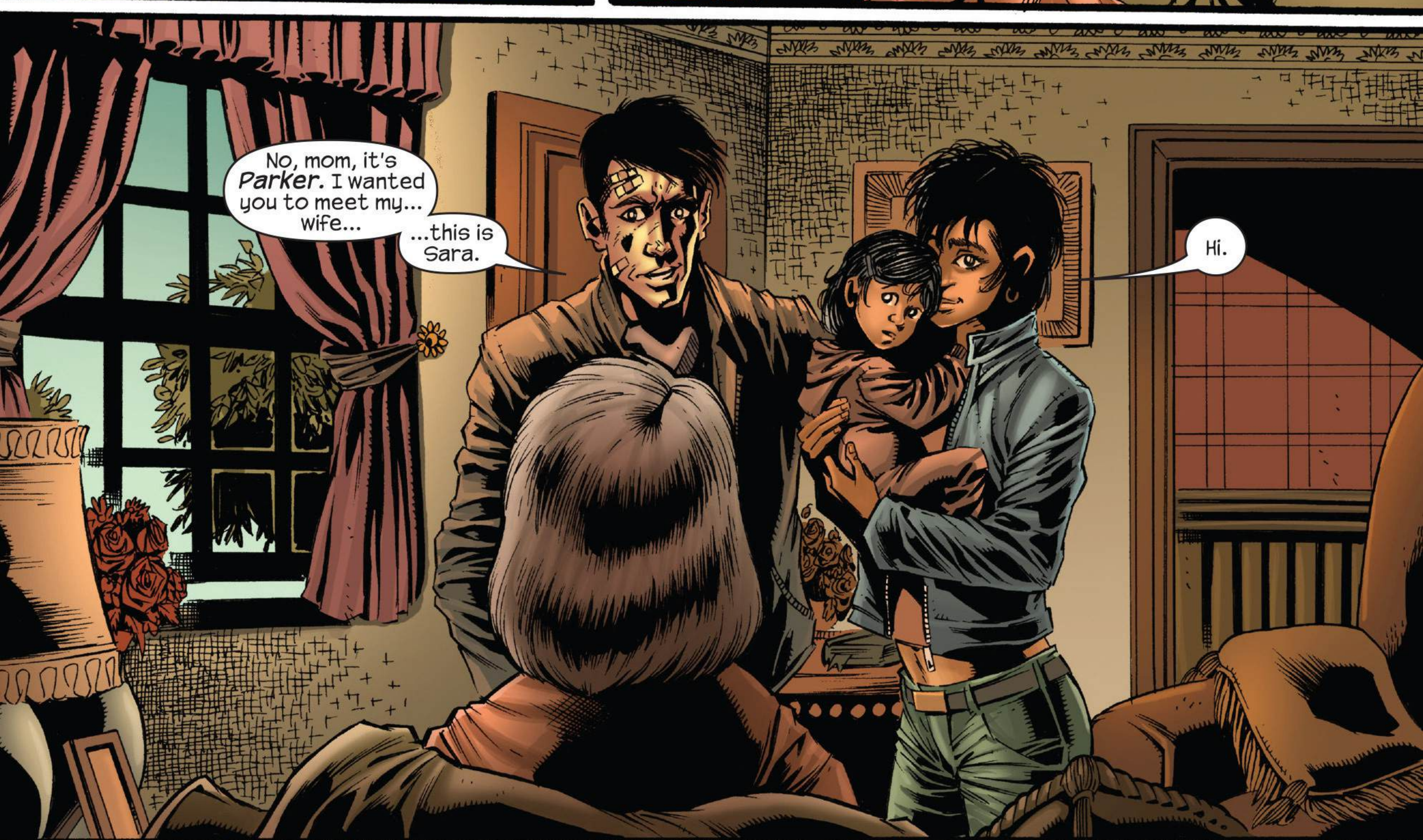
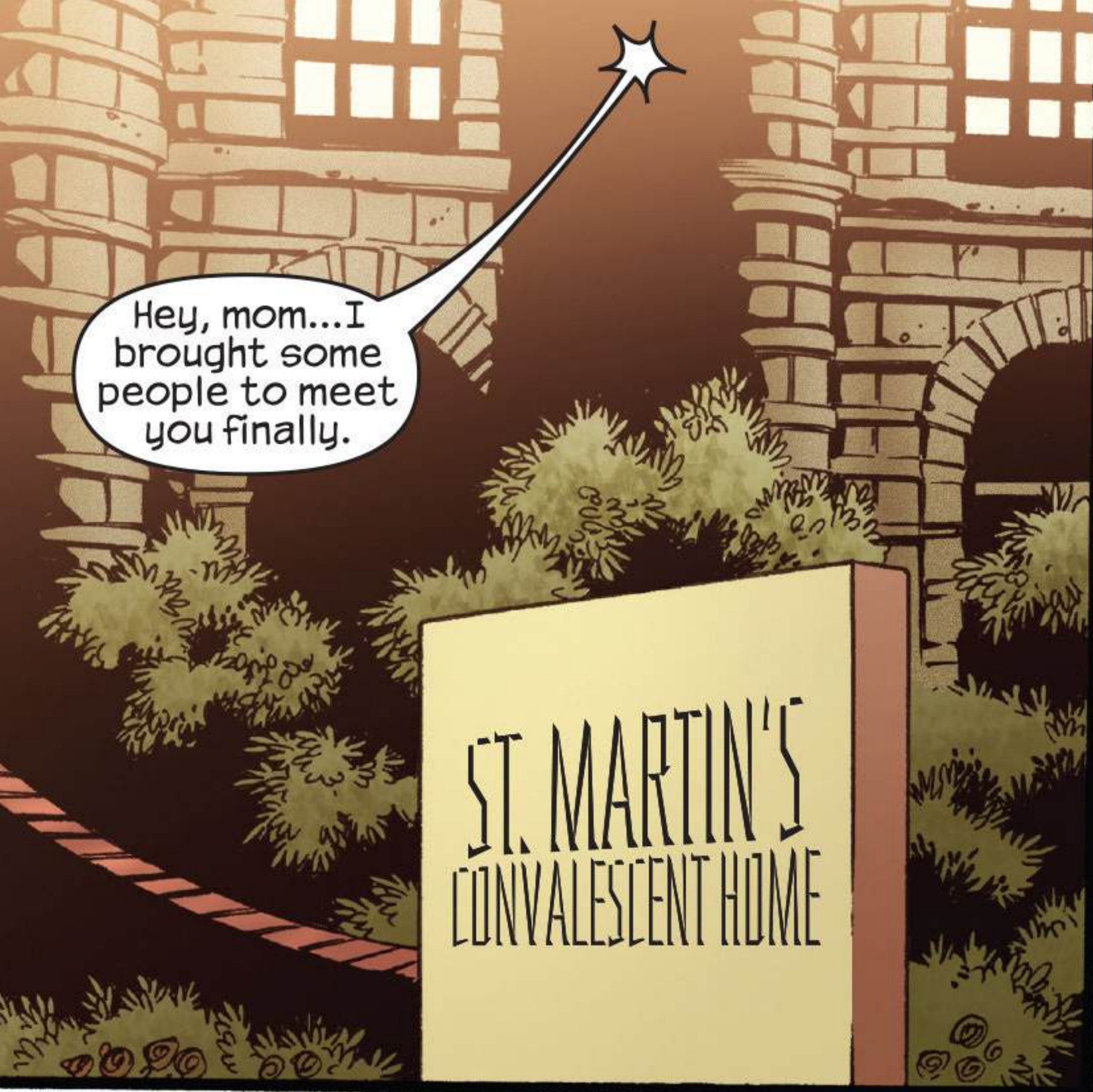
Since you'll be near The Village...

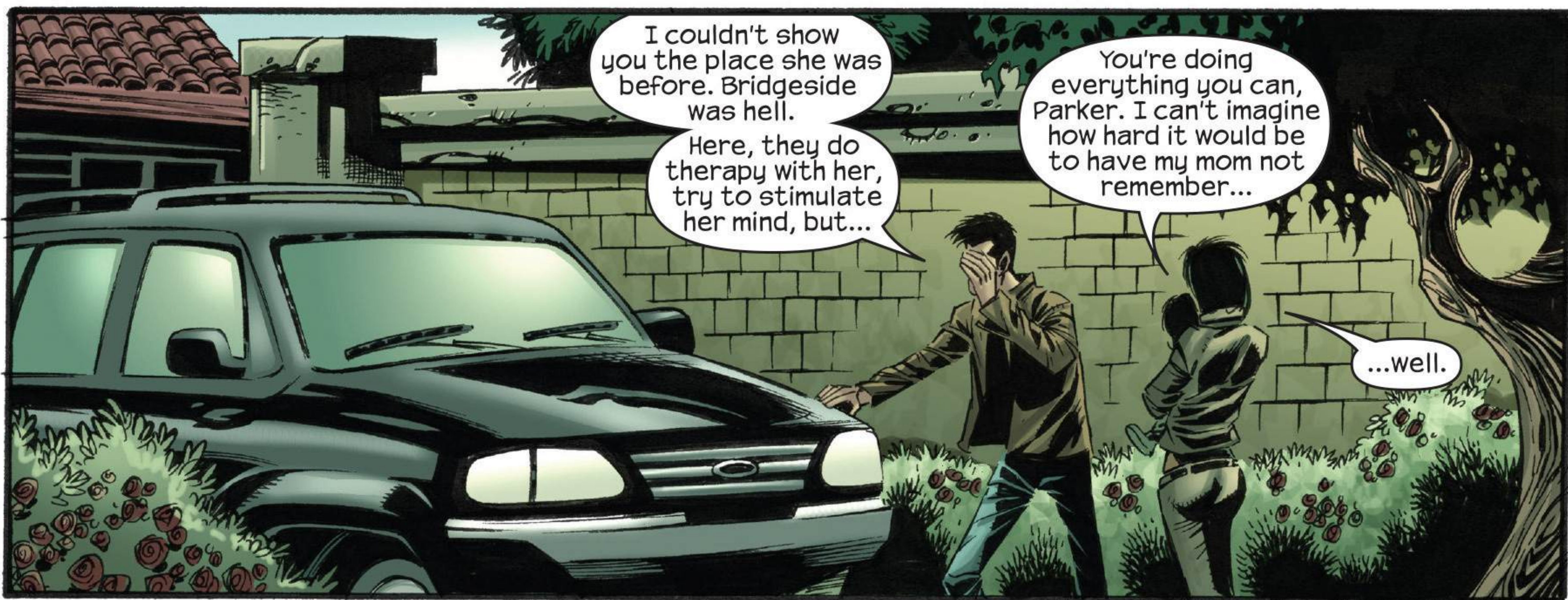


...I gotcha a number last night. Scarecrow says the woman at this shop knows *all about* demons and crap.

Thanks.

4th Circle Curio
proprietor, S. Hellstrom







DING
DING

We're
closing in five
minutes.



I won't be
long, I just need
to see a Miss
Hellstrom.



Yes...you
do need to
see me, don't
you?



Let's lock
the door, I think
we should have a
real talk.

It's not
every day
the servant of
Dormammu
walks through
my door.

And
you can drop
the formalities.
Call me

SATANA

TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT ISSUE



**THE
HOOD**™

**PARKER
HOTZ
MARTIN**



HARLEM, MANHATTAN.

All right,
what's next
on the pub
crawl?

Night's
still thic-
young...

Startin'
early is th'
way!



Johnny ol'
son...when's the
lounge in our new
place gonna be
done?

They're stockin'
the bar tomorrow
and puttin' in th'
alarm syst'm.

Gonnabe
awesome.

Make sure
that new buncha
strippers come
back!

Nice. Hey, for
a *little 'un*, you kin
really hold yer liquor.
And here I thought
you'uns didn't
drink.

Aw, naw
naw...

...well...I
used to hit it
too much for
a while, but I'm
cool now.



I've got
it *under*
control.



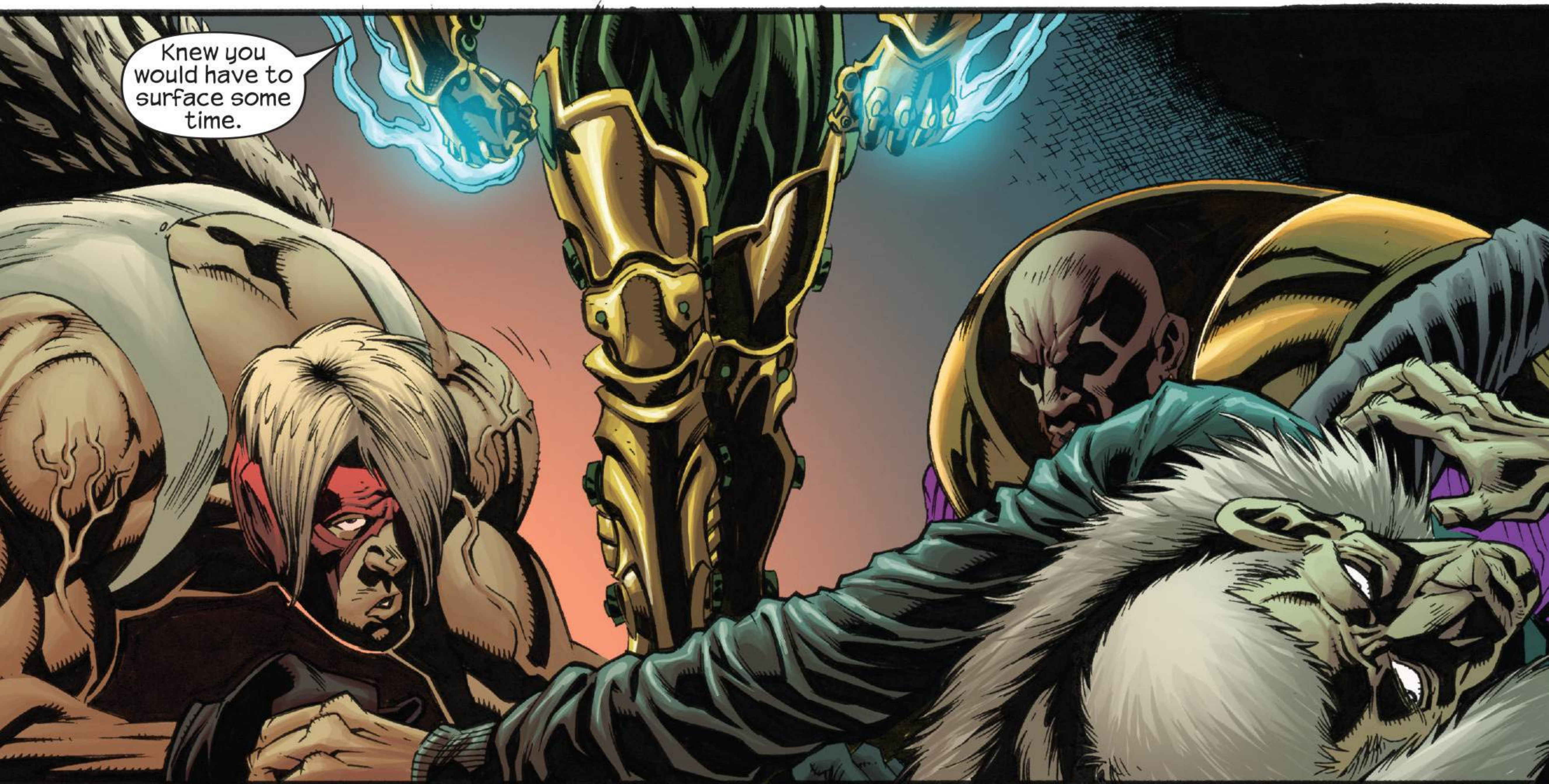


THE DEVIL IN THE

ASST. EDITOR: MICHAEL HORWITZ
EDITOR: BILL ROSEMANN
EDITOR IN CHIEF: JOE QUESADA
PUBLISHER: DAN BUCKLEY
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: ALAN FINE

JEFF PARKER: WRITER
KYLE HOTZ: ARTIST
FRANK MARTIN: COLORIST
DAVE SHARPE: LETTERER
COVER: MARKO DJUROJEVIC

DETAILS



Knew you would have to surface some time.



Precinct 34, this is **Force**. Send in a truck, I've got a few of the Hood's gang for you.

Fuh... Forsse?



That's right-- let me check your profile--

--Piledriver.

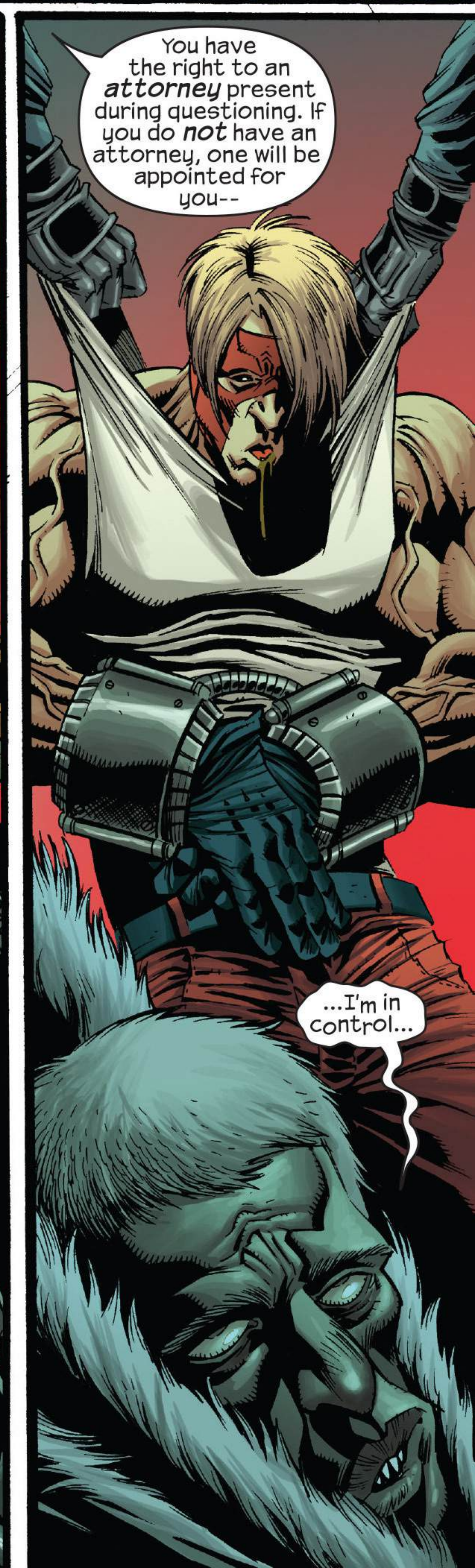
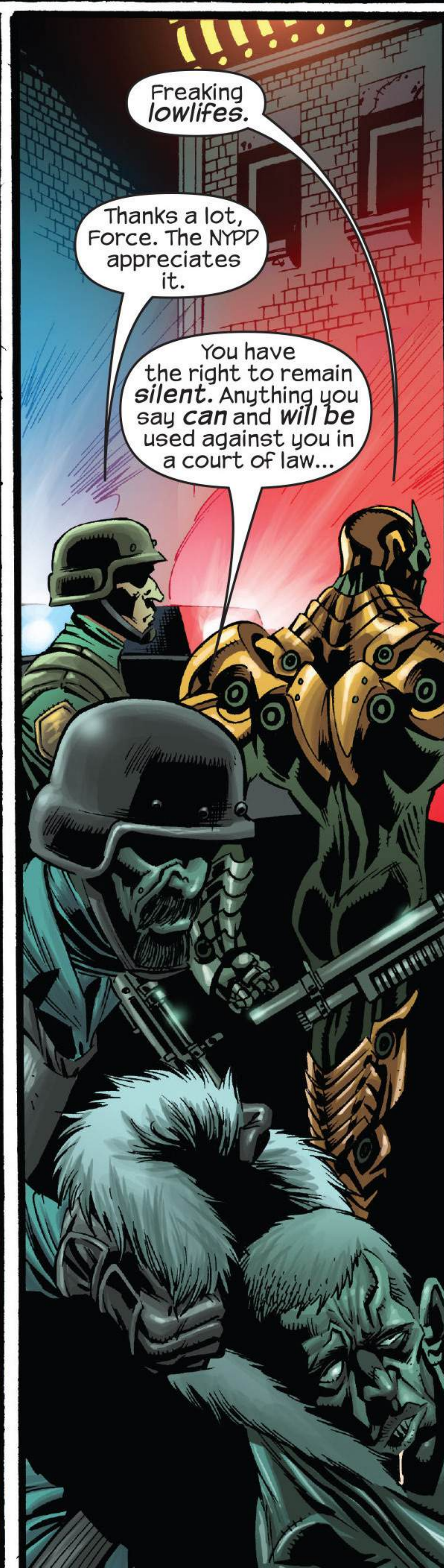
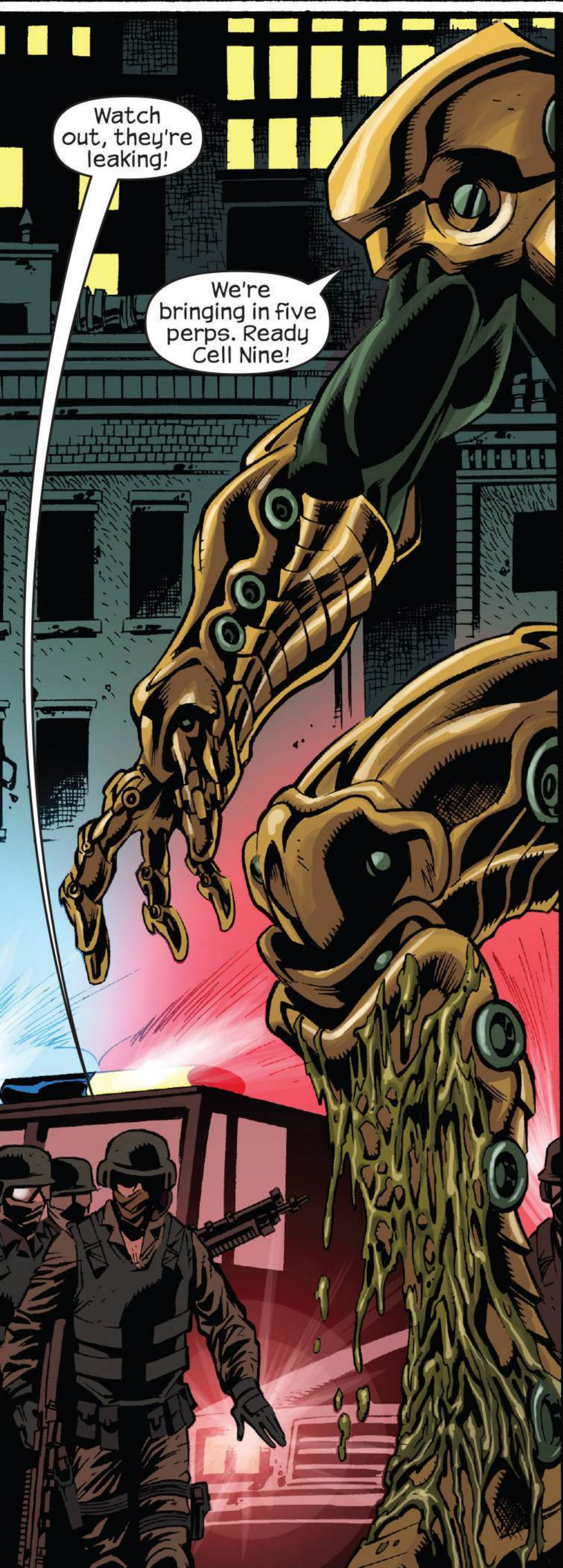
Surrrkk...
hurrrkk...

That was an electrified **force field** you were all just caught in. I would have dialed it down if I'd known you were all about to fall out anyway.



HLOORK

HEY!
What the hell!



Once upon a time Parker Robbins was just a small-time crook with an institutionalized mother, a pregnant girlfriend, and a string of mistresses. That all changed the day Robbins accidentally came into possession of a demon's cloak, granting him fantastic powers—powers he used to illegally generate cash for his ever-growing list of dependents as...

THE HOOD

When the super hero population was torn apart by civil war, The Hood took advantage of the power vacuum, reinventing himself into the godfather of New York City's costumed underworld... not to mention gaining a seat at Norman Osborn's cabal of villainous masterminds.

This meteoric ascent pulls heavily on Robbins, who keeps his family life secret from his organization at all costs--the world of darkness and treachery must never touch his young daughter. But juggling fatherhood and his new empire is nothing compared to the revelation of the cloak's true master: Dormammu.

Struggling with his bond to the dark lord, Parker was blindsided by the return of an old face: White Fang, the teched-out, vengeful widow of a cop he accidentally killed in his early days. But Fang wasn't prepared for the dangerous upgrade in power that Dormammu has given her sworn foe. Neither was Parker himself...so he now seeks the council of someone with experience in matters of the occult: the devil's daughter, Satana!



© 2016 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

To find MARVEL COMICS at a local comic and hobby shop, go to www.comicshoplocator.com or call 1-888-COMICBOOK.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, MANHATTAN.

Now,
Parker.

Tell me the
name of the
being you let
hold your
form.

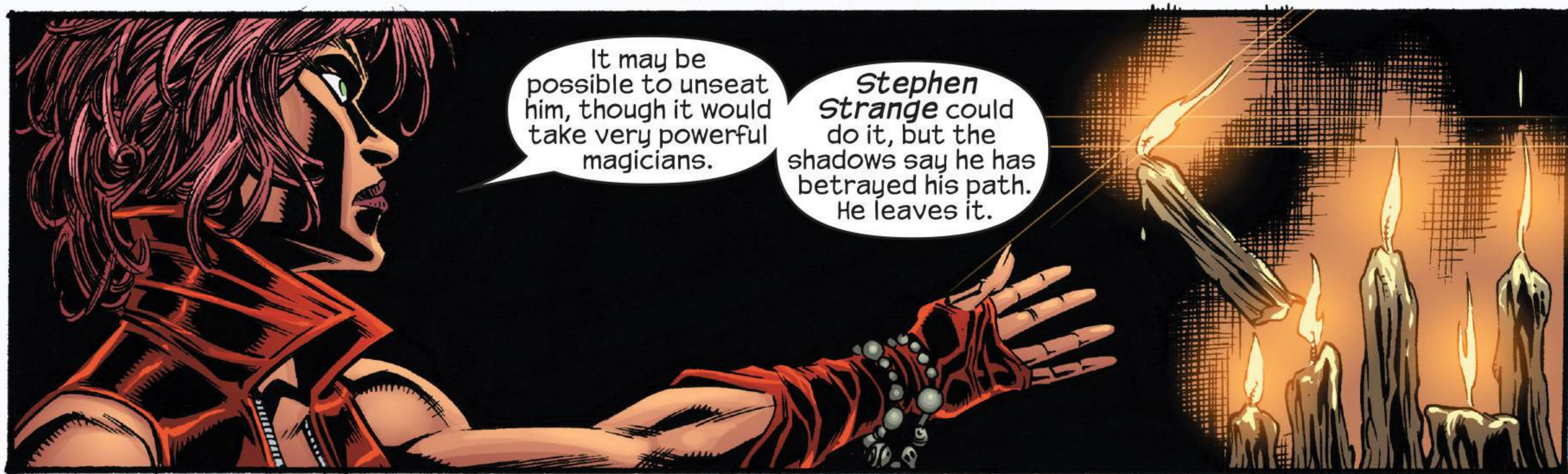
Dormammu.

Really.

He's a *demon*,
right? Can we like,
pull an *Exorcist*
on him?

No,
Dormammu
is not a
demon.

He's *much*
worse.



It may be possible to unseat him, though it would take very powerful magicians.

Stephen Strange could do it, but the shadows say he has betrayed his path. He leaves it.



Yeah, well this thing put Dr. Strange on his *ass* the one time I went against--

--uh... Satana, doesn't that hurt?



Of *course* it hurts, Parker. No knowledge comes without pain.

Don't speak so *casually* about the Doctor. Dormammu has suffered defeat at his mangled hands, more than by any other.



It was Strange who banished Dormammu's full essence from this world. He can only manifest through a human host.

But not just *anyone* will do. He needs a *driven man*, capable of great sacrifice and daring.

Someone who can handle *power*.



Yet he can only do what *you* allow.

Every time you accept his help, you bring him *deeper* into our world.



I need to see how you met, why you were chosen.

It was an accident, I just found--
ahhh!

I see now. That was *no* accident.

Accidents do not happen with Dormammu.



You thought you ran across a cloaked attacker and shot in defense.*

And that cape and boots had magical qualities. What a *random* bit of luck, eh?

**As seen in The Hood: Blood From Stones.
--Back-issue Bill.*



The creature you shot was already dead.

A vessel enchanted by one of the many cults who invoke Dormammu. This group got further than most, even finding the *bonding cloak*.

They thought using a sub-human would limit Dormammu's power, make him *manageable*.



No one manages him. He thanked them by ending it quickly, then set out for a suitable host.

He sensed you across the city and got in your path.



It was a **setup**?!
What is this thing...?
What does it want?

He and his sibling were of a race called the **Faltine**, from universes away. Their people were already powerful, but Dormammu and his sister, Umar, craved more.

They found a source: the **Dark Dimension**. As their power grew, they became conquerors, and ultimately Dormammu **betrayed** her.

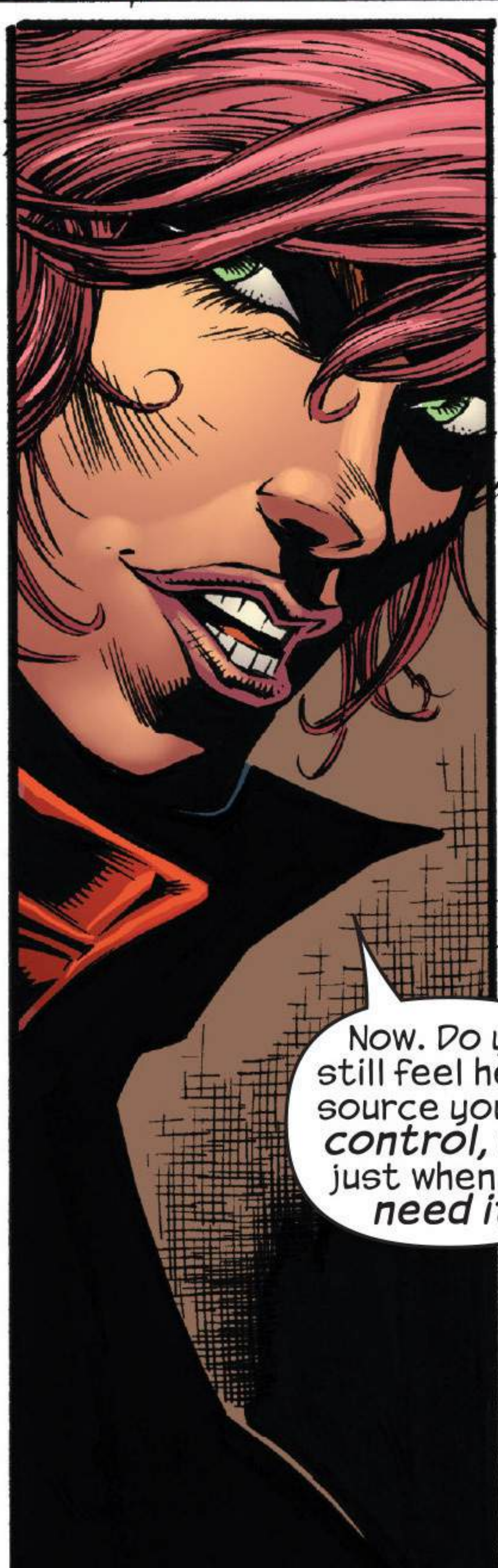
On his campaign he invaded many dimensions, and all fell to him until he reached this one.



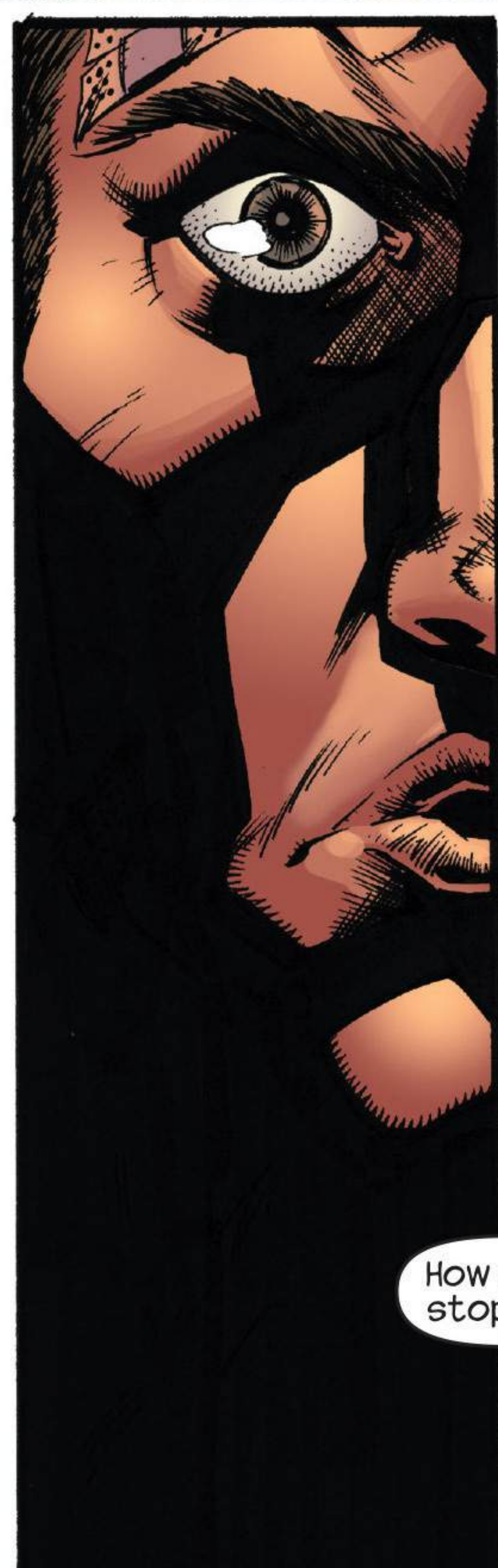
So...he doesn't want to just capture some souls and make good people do bad things...

...he wants to run the **whole show** here. For **himself**.

Yes.



Now. Do you still feel he is a source you can **control**, using just when you **need it**?



How can I stop him?



You allow the connection to exist.

He came to you through a garment, a classic approach. So, simply...

...stop wearing it.



It might be safer here...in *experienced* hands.



Uh...no, I don't think that's a good idea. Thanks for the advice, though. How much do I owe you?

I sense the occult touches your life from *many* sides. You need more than one session.



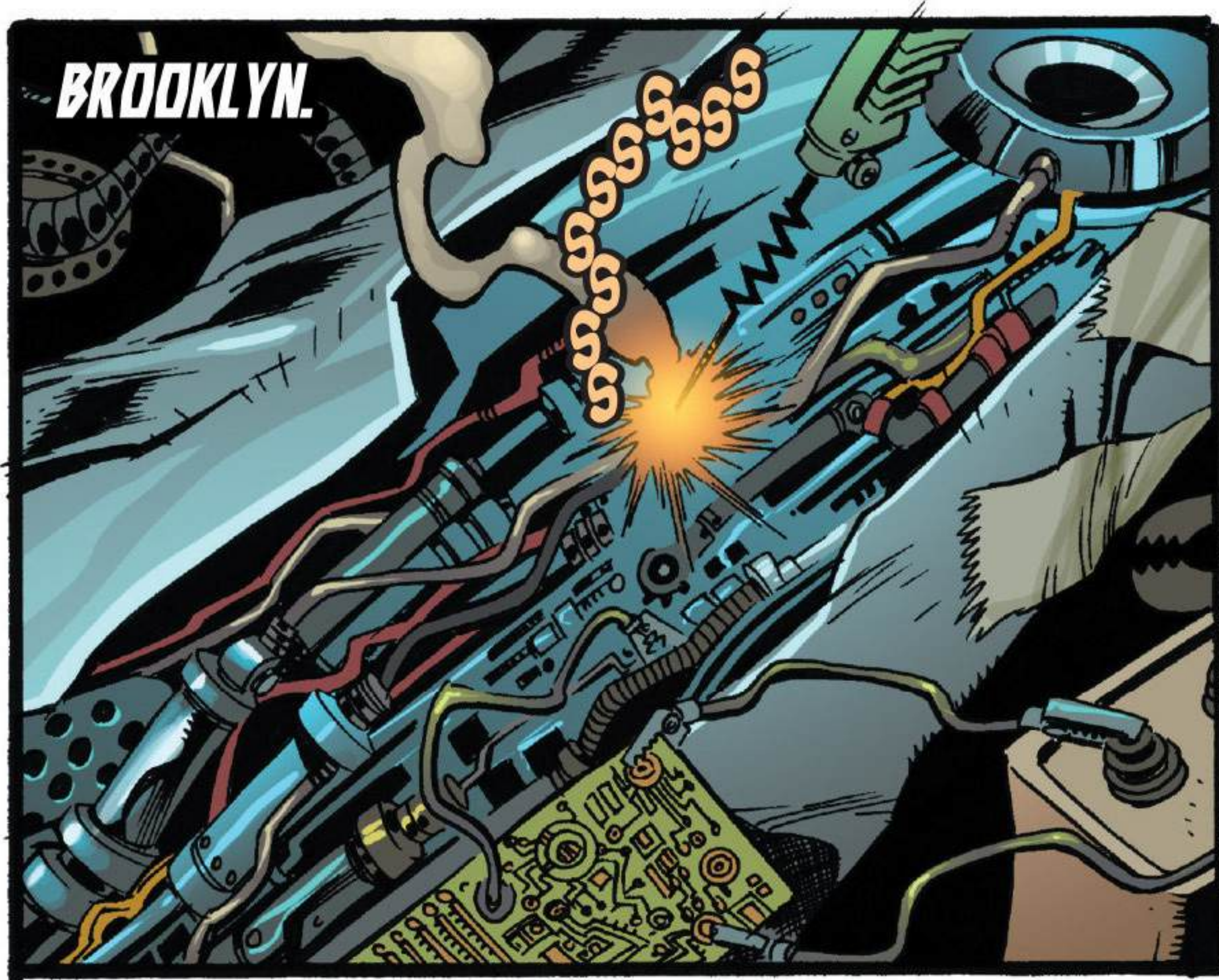
Were I in your shoes, I would build an appropriate work area and put me on retainer.

I'll be your *tutor* in the ways of magic.



Yeah... let me think about it.

I'll get back to you.







Look at her go, she just needs some grippy shoes so she doesn't slip.



She's just happy to wake up to her daddy.

So am I.

Yeah...I'm getting ahead at work finally...



...and I'm thinking we need to go out of town, maybe--

--pleased to meeeet you... hope you guess my naaaame...

Who's calling this early?



Hello?

What up, John? I'm--

--you're wh--how did *that* happen?



You know what? You can all stew there a while. I'll make a call later. Just tell everyone to *keep their mouths* shut, okay?



CLICK



Ugh, my cousin is such a dope. Anyways...

...should we go out and get some breakfast?

I'll be dressed in a sec!

PRECINCT 34.

Where'm
I at?

Like you
never seen the
inside of a cell
before,
Piledriver.

I'd smash
us out, but I got
the worst dang
hangover...

Yo, John,
what about
our one phone
call?

I already
made it, Scorch.
Didn't help.

MONKEY
BONE
ADAM!

All right,
all of you
out.

You're being
transferred.

You're now
under confinement
with H.A.M.M.E.R.

Put your
arms forward to
be cuffed or you
will receive a
neural shock.

Y'know...
your agency took
custody of the
Shocker the other
week and I'm hearing
he's back out on
the streets.

Probably
a *copycat*.
We'll look
into it.



You...
get in the
car.

What is
this? I want
my *lawyer*!



I'm
not saying
anything!

Get
in.



Don't even
try to pull the whole
divide and conquer
thing on us. I'm
not talking!

You keep
saying that, yet
your mouth keeps
moving.



Parker?!
Aw, man, that
is slick!

That was a
rough night--I
was keeping
track of the
guys, and--

I know
what you
were *doing*,
John.



I can still
smell it on
your
breath.



These men are in your custody now.

Thanks. Tell Osborn I'll be in touch.



Why'd they drop us off here?

Because we **own it**--what are you complaining about, Griffin? You'd rather be back in lockup?



I thought we were supposed to be treated better now!

Well, there's the man, take it up with him.



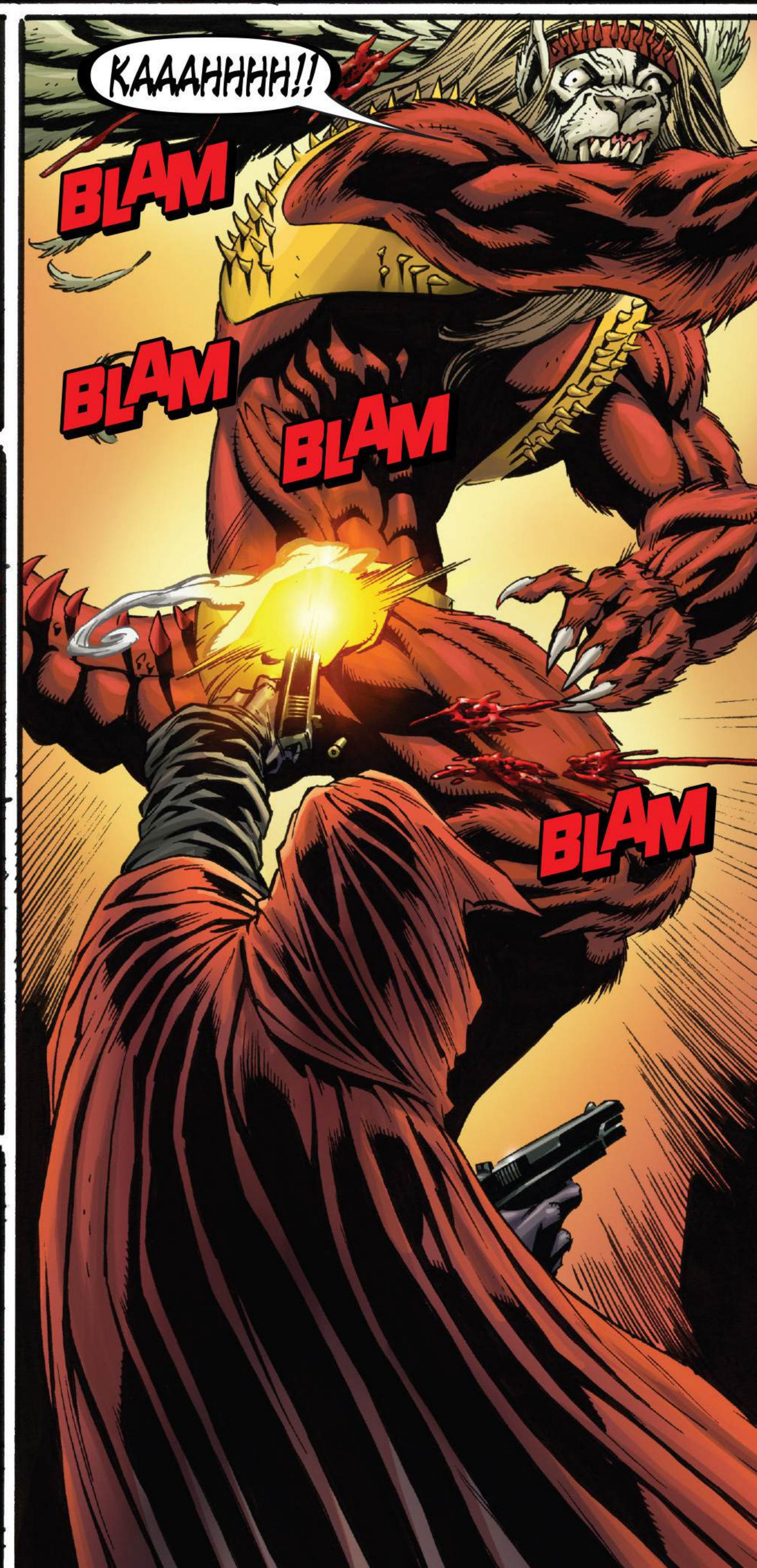
Is there a problem?

Yeah, there *is*.



John called you at sunrise, why did we have to sweat in the can all day?

I *do* have other things to do than spring drunks.





I thought we were past all this testing me crap.

Haul his bleeding ass down to our private doc to get sewn up.

Son of a bitch...



Later I want details on this guy who jumped you. We don't let this stand.

Now go!



Parker, why did you risk staying visible? Griffin could have took your head off!



I'm not wearing my cloak, this is Crimson Cowl's.

What? Why--



--hope you guess maaah naymme--



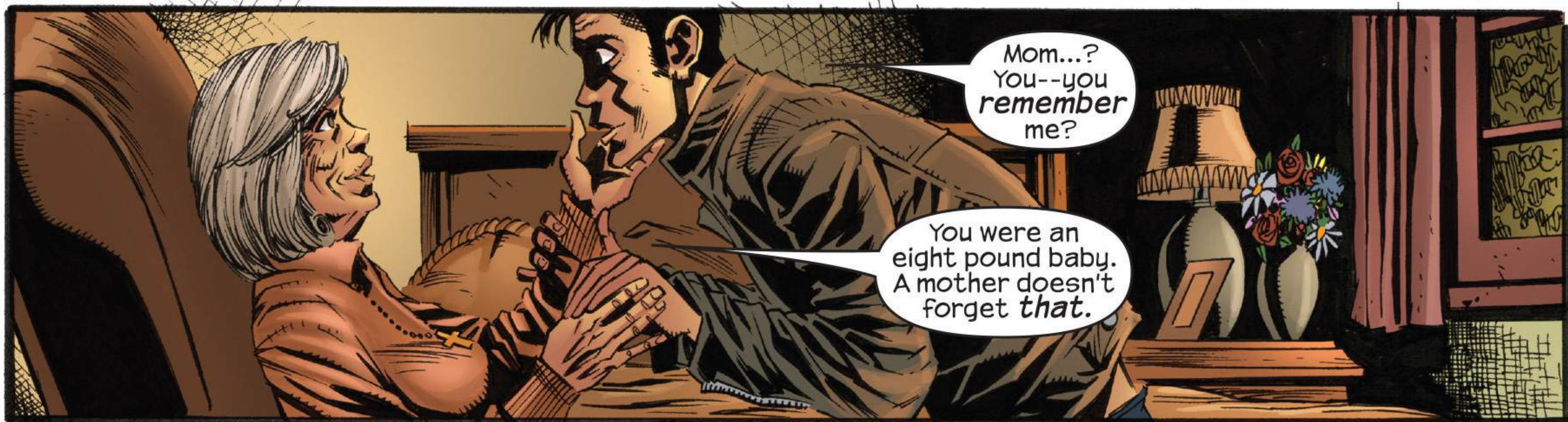
We'll talk about it later. Go make sure they don't get caught again.

Yeah, who--



--she what?

ST. MARTIN'S CONVALESCENT HOME.



ONE HOUR LATER.



Oh, Parker, this is wonderful-- thanks for calling me down here!

See, this place *is* paying off for her. You were *right*!

I guess it is.



She remembers Bree's name.

I know, I can't believe it.

Be right back. I'm about to bust.



Ah... whew... Can't believe it. Sniff...

Finally. Thank you.



You're welcome.



Do you see? I am much more than *destructive* power.

Your mother may even be able to leave this facility one day.

There is *no limit* to what we can achieve...
...together.



BROOKLYN.

Why the hell
do you think I
want to work
with *you*?

Controller,
you think you're
something *special*--
a *genius*? You're just
another criminal
to me.

Another
piece of
crap.



Yes...I *am*
just another
criminal.

But
not the one
you want
dead.



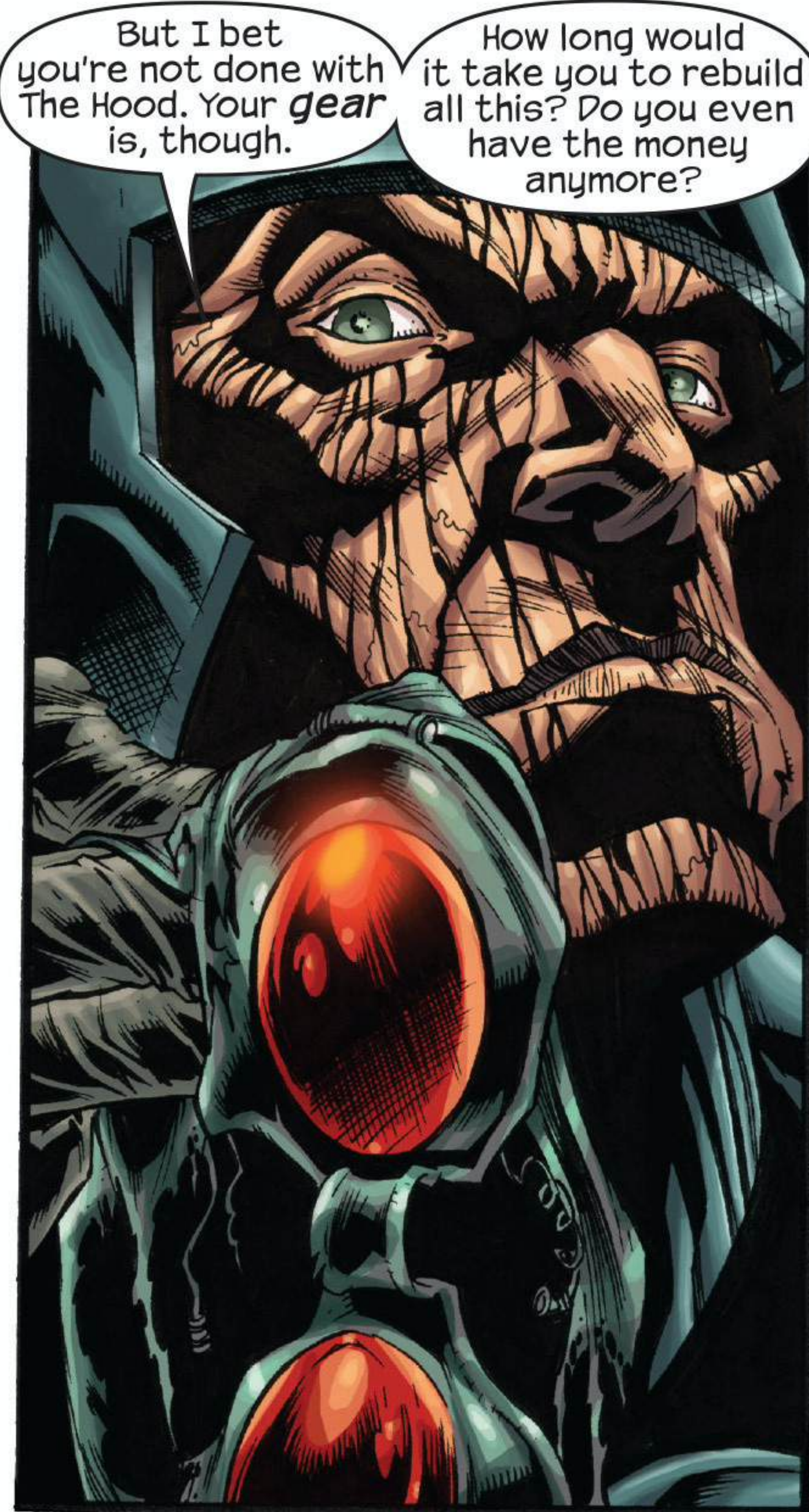
I don't think
you even *care* about
fighting crime. From
what I've found, it looks
like you've only busted
people for *practice*.

I think if you
had killed The Hood
the other day, that
would have been the
last mission for
White Fang.



I guess that
was like the part
of the story where
the bulldog got
hold of your
namesake.

Oh *please*.
You assume no
one on *this* side
of the law is
literate?



But I bet you're not done with The Hood. Your *gear* is, though.

How long would it take you to rebuild all this? Do you even have the money anymore?



In the past I would have just slapped one of my slave discs on you, and told you what you were going to do for me.

But our *cloaked friend* makes sure I don't get the parts I need for those again.



Still, I have a weapons lab at my disposal. When I heard about your situation, I began to modify one of my projects.



It does everything your suit could do, but is much more *lethal*.

The only thing I want in return is for you to *finish* the job.



Looks well designed...but so was mine.

It was his *magic* that I hadn't accounted for.



That's what also stops me from unseating him.

But I have some extra intel that will get you around it.



The magic can't help him when he has the cloak *off*...



...and he never wears the cloak when he's with *them*.

TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT ISSUE



DARK REIGN™

THE HOOD™



**PARKER
HOTZ
MARTIN**

Once upon a time Parker Robbins was just a small-time crook with an institutionalized mother, a pregnant girlfriend, and a string of mistresses. That all changed the day Robbins accidentally came into possession of a demon's cloak, granting him fantastic powers—powers he used to illegally generate cash for his ever-growing list of dependents as...

THE HOOD

When the super hero population was torn apart by civil war, The Hood took advantage of the power vacuum, reinventing himself into the godfather of New York City's costumed underworld.

This meteoric ascent pulls heavily on Robbins, who keeps his family life secret from his organization at all costs—the world of darkness and treachery must never touch his young daughter. But juggling fatherhood and his new empire is nothing compared to the revelation of the cloak's true master: Dormammu.

Struggling with his bond to the dark lord, Parker sought out Satana, the devil's daughter, for the secret to resisting Dormammu's influence. The hellspawn instead revealed the mystic origins of the garment...and offered the desperate Robbins her services as a tutor in all things occult. Between fighting for his own soul, the return of White Fang (the teched-out, vengeful widow of a cop he accidentally killed in his early days), his role in Norman Osborn's cabal, and dissension in the ranks of his motley crew of super villains, Parker could use the help...but can he afford to make a deal with yet *another* devil?



I mean, even if we can trust him, how do we know we can *trust him*?

That don't make no sense.

It's some *evil force*, right? Maybe it has some kind of agenda even *he* doesn't know about.

Every last one of us has our own agenda we don't tell the rest. And don't say you *don't*, because you *know* it's true.

Yeah.

I'm just sayin' his power doesn't come from himself. It's not *consistent*.

Yeah, it could go away as quick as it came.

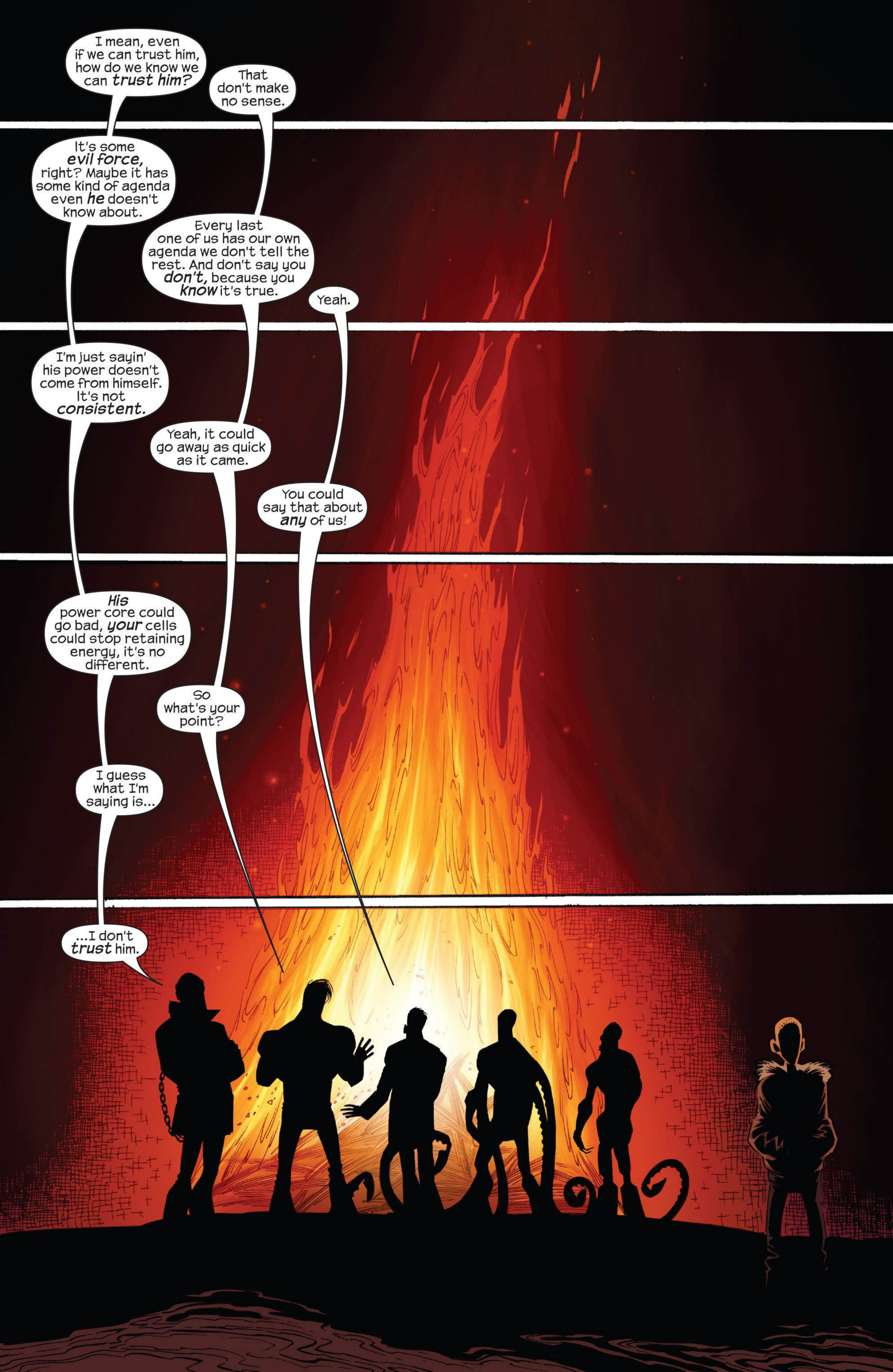
You could say that about *any* of us!

His power core could go bad, *your* cells could stop retaining energy, it's no different.

So what's your point?

I guess what I'm saying is...

...I don't *trust* him.





Y'all are just ill because he sent us way out th' city for a job tonight.

He *sprung* me the other day, I'll go wherever the hell he says.

Well gol-dang, son.



I getcha, Piledriver. But I'd feel a little better bein' led by something I knew was *all human*.

I hear that, Joe. Hey, King, you ain't going to *blab* all this back to the man, are you?

I mean, we're just talking to keep busy.



Nah. I don't think he cares what I'd have to say right now, anyway.

Looks like our ship has come in, at least.



You know the drill: Squid and Man-Fish swim in, take control, and run it aground here. Then crack it open and we fill up the trucks with all the tech in the hold.

Yeah, let's do it!

Ready!

Wonder what sweet job Hood's got going on back in town tonight?



BROOKLYN.

No way, Miss Hungry--you wouldn't like the sauce on this.

Save me some!



Parker, why did you take the tall mirror off the wall and put it in the closet? That's what I dress in front of.

Oh yeah... that thing kept falling down. I was afraid it would break, and y'know, Bree would crawl into the glass...



Oh, yeah...good thinking. So, are we still all on to go see your mom in the morning?

Yep. They said she could come on a ride with us, it'll help her to get more stimulation.



Really? Where should we take her?

Oh, I've got an idea.



Fine, don't tell me...



...I like surprises.

THE NEXT DAY...

Oh my gosh,
where are you
kids *taking*
me?

I don't know
when I've been
out this way.

I'm afraid our
place isn't much to
see, Ms. Robbins. But
it looks like Parker is
taking the scenic
route.

No, Sara,
we're going
home.

Well, you
should have turned
way back there,
we're almost in
Forest Hills!

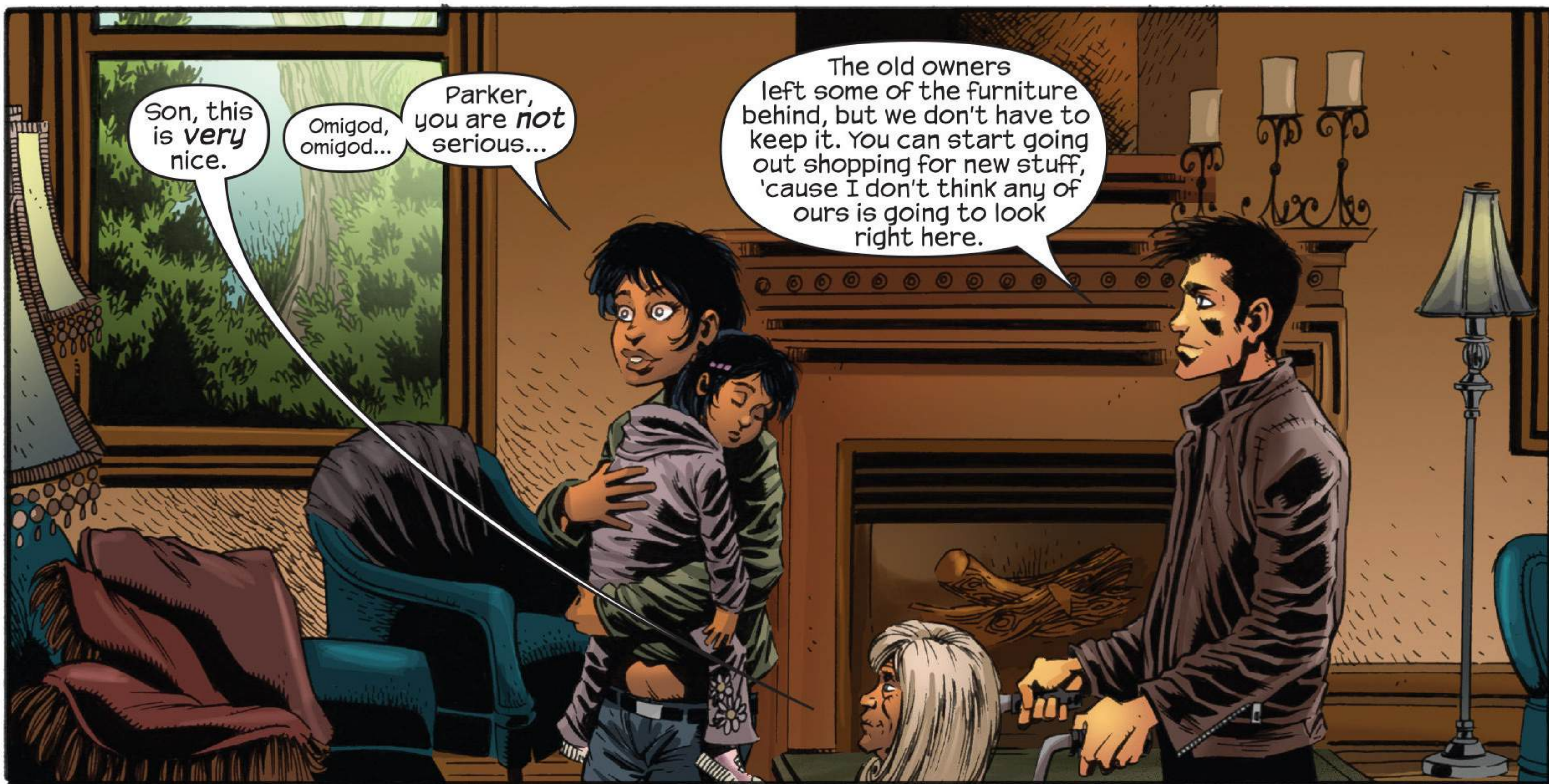
Yeah.

Parker, I think
you want to turn down
that way and double
back to get to our
neighborhood.

No, I said
we were going
home.

As
soon as the
movers come,
this is where
we live.

We
closed on it
yesterday.



Son, this is *very* nice.

Omigod, omigod...

Parker, you are *not* serious...

The old owners left some of the furniture behind, but we don't have to keep it. You can start going out shopping for new stuff, 'cause I don't think any of ours is going to look right here.



How can we *afford* this?

I haven't been busting my butt every night for *nothing*, Sara. I told you you'd start seeing results from all my time away, and here it is.



Are you *sure*? The mortgage on this place must be--

Nothing. I paid it off already.

I'm just sorry I made you and Bree live in that *rat trap* as long as I did.



I can't believe this kitchen!!!

Ms. Robbins, you have to see this!

I'd love to, dear.



Hey, Sara...

...I'm...going to need to get to work in a little bit. We can come back tomorrow.

SAFEHOUSE 3.





Doesn't look like everyone's here, Masque.

Because half of them are in the basement helping your *new* hire set up.



Already? I wasn't sure if she even got my message. What happened to that wall?



I don't remember these steps...

That's where they all went. What's she *doing* here?



We need a magic advisor. All these mad scientists can't cover everything.

You must mean we needed a *hot* magical advisor. Scarecrow can advise--

He's a *tool*. And you're the last person I imagined ever getting *jealous*.



I'm *not*. But I'm starting to think you have a *weak spot*...

Put those
urns over on the
south wall. The druid
idol needs to be
placed up high.

Careful
with that!

...and I think
that weak spot
is *women*.

FAMILY MAN

JEFF PARKER
WRITER

KYLE HOTZ ARTIST

FRANK MARTIN COLORIST
MARKO DJURDJEVIC COVER ARTIST
DAVE SHARPE LETTERER

MICHAEL HORWITZ ASSISTANT EDITOR
BILL ROSEMAN EDITOR
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER



See you upstairs... *maybe*.

There you are!

As you see, we're making good progress, thanks to your men.



I seem to remember just leaving a message saying "let's talk about setting up a small magic lab."

I know I didn't tell you *where*, or anything about *this place*.

Girls have *intuition*.



Well, I need these bruisers up above for business.

I've gotten all I need from them for now.

As you were, gentlemen.

SNAP



Whoa, check this place out.

I thought I was drinkin' at the roulette wheel.

Head back up to the table, everyone. I'll be up in a minute.



Is Hood doin' her *too*, now?

I *heard* that.



So you're taking my advice.

How so?

That isn't the cloak you came to my store with.

I sense no power in it.



No, it's one of Crimson Cowl's old ones. A loaner.

Interesting. You still feel the need to keep up *appearances* for your followers.



These people respect *power* and *nothing* else. And they *don't* need to know whether I'm wearing the real deal.

All secrets are safe with Satana. If I am to be your occult *consigliere*, you have to trust me.



We're running a little low on trust around here lately. But I was hoping to see you soon anyway.

Dorma-- you know who--

--he's been appearing to me, even *without* the cloak.



If I look at a--

Shh. Say nothing.



Yeah, some *boots*. They were what made me float at first, but later I realized I didn't need them.

I see. Did anything else change over time?

I...I used to have to hold my breath to turn invisible. But one day I just *thought about* holding my breath and it happened.

Can you... *anoint* me or something? Do something that will cut him off?

I am not sure. I need to do some research.

Tell your people to not disturb me down here.

BROOKLYN.

Okay,
we're back
home.

Are you
asleep again,
boo-boo? After
all that crying in
the store!

Oh...
oh crap...
nngh...

Here, let me.
You've got your
hands full.

Oh,
thank
you!

I don't
know what I
was thinking,
getting all
these
groceries.

Being a
mother is a lot
to juggle.

Tell me
about it.
Do you have
kids?

No.
I
don't.

SAFEHOUSE 3.



About time we got a good storm here. This climate change, it's messin' things up.

Fah. I could reverse global warming if I *felt* like it.

Wizard, you talk junk. Last week you were claiming you figured out perpetual motion.



I *know* how to make perfechool moshun...

...ya-~~shic~~ stick Livin' Laser in a room tha's all mirrors...uhm.

So, Crimson...



...you say he's using one of your special cloaks?

Yes. I think he's getting his cleaned, or mended.

You better not be hitting on me, Controller.



I *thought* he looked different. I didn't see the little spooky doohickeys on the cape.

...spooHickeys.



Will someone haul Centurius off before he *yaks* all over the table? We have business to discuss.

Yah!

I don't think he was even invisible that time. Maybe he used to be a ninja.



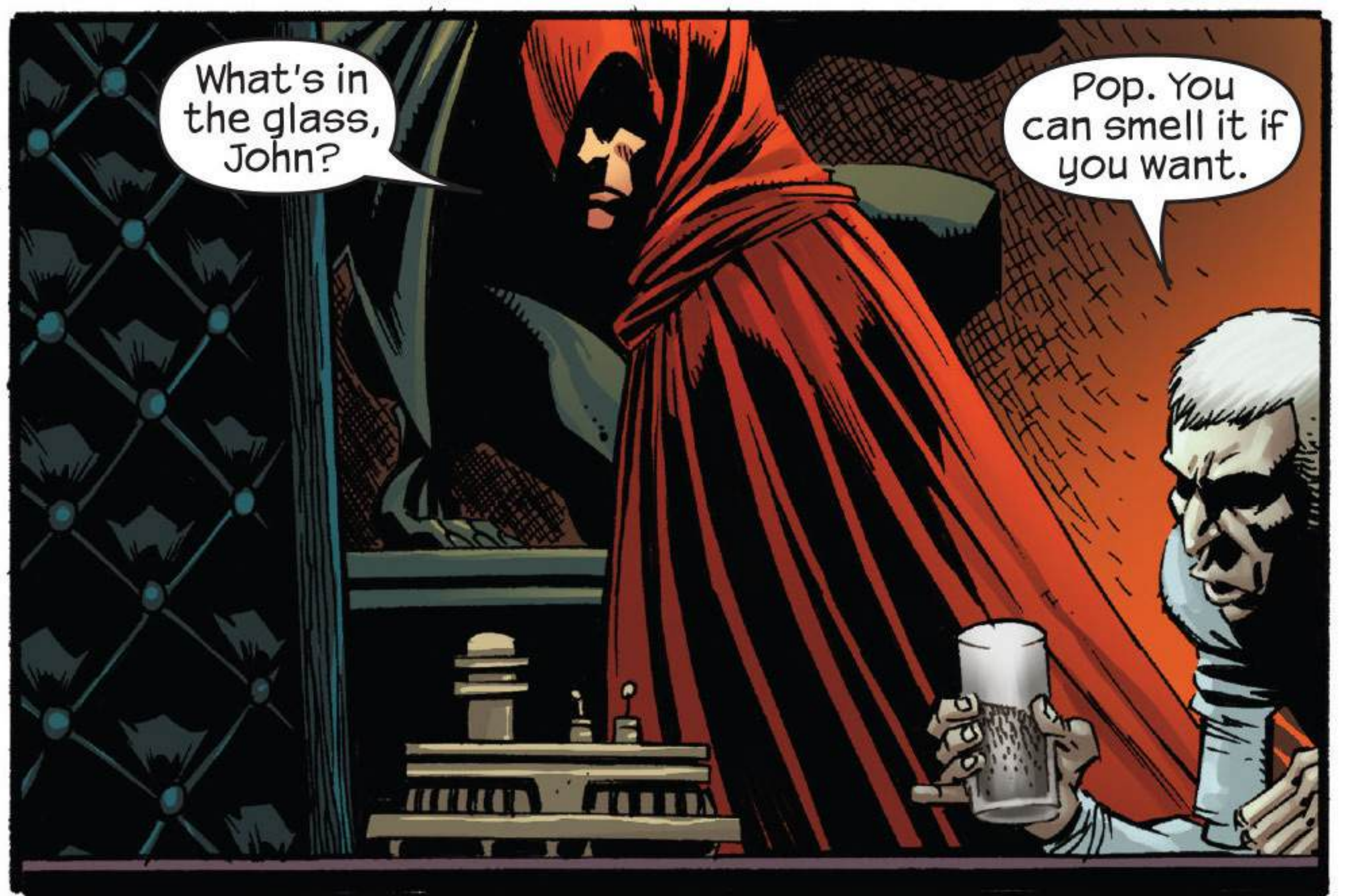
Controller. I have news for you.

Oh. Now what could *that* be?



An inside man at Stark Industries finally got us the *crystal coils* you need for your *slave discs*.

The rest are in the new lab. It's not much, but it should get you started.





Mostly you guys who got run into jail the other night. Except for Griffin-- he's still healing up-- so we'll be going out with another man or two.



This idiot, Force, who tried to fry you, he needs to **answer** for this.

Where do we find 'im?

Wizard has been bugging the precinct houses-- he's supposed to be helping the cops tonight stake out one of our associates...



...Shocker...

Hey, what's the deal with him anyway?



He was working with us for a while, then he grumbled about money and ditched.

Yeah, is he **with us** or not?



He's wherever he **wants** to be. Shocker has been going up against heavyweights since before most of you even got started.

In a couple of hours he's going to be facing down Force and a whole special unit of NYPD. And we're going to be there for **payback**.

NEWARK, N.J.

Right on time.

Of course. You've got the alarm clock that always works for me.

That better have the rest of my payment.

I didn't pack it, but it sounds like it's all there. The boss sounded grumpy enough handing it off.

Good.

Tell him it's been a pleasure doing business and to leave word for me again if he needs anything else done.

We can give you the *federal* address he can call Shocker at too.

What?!

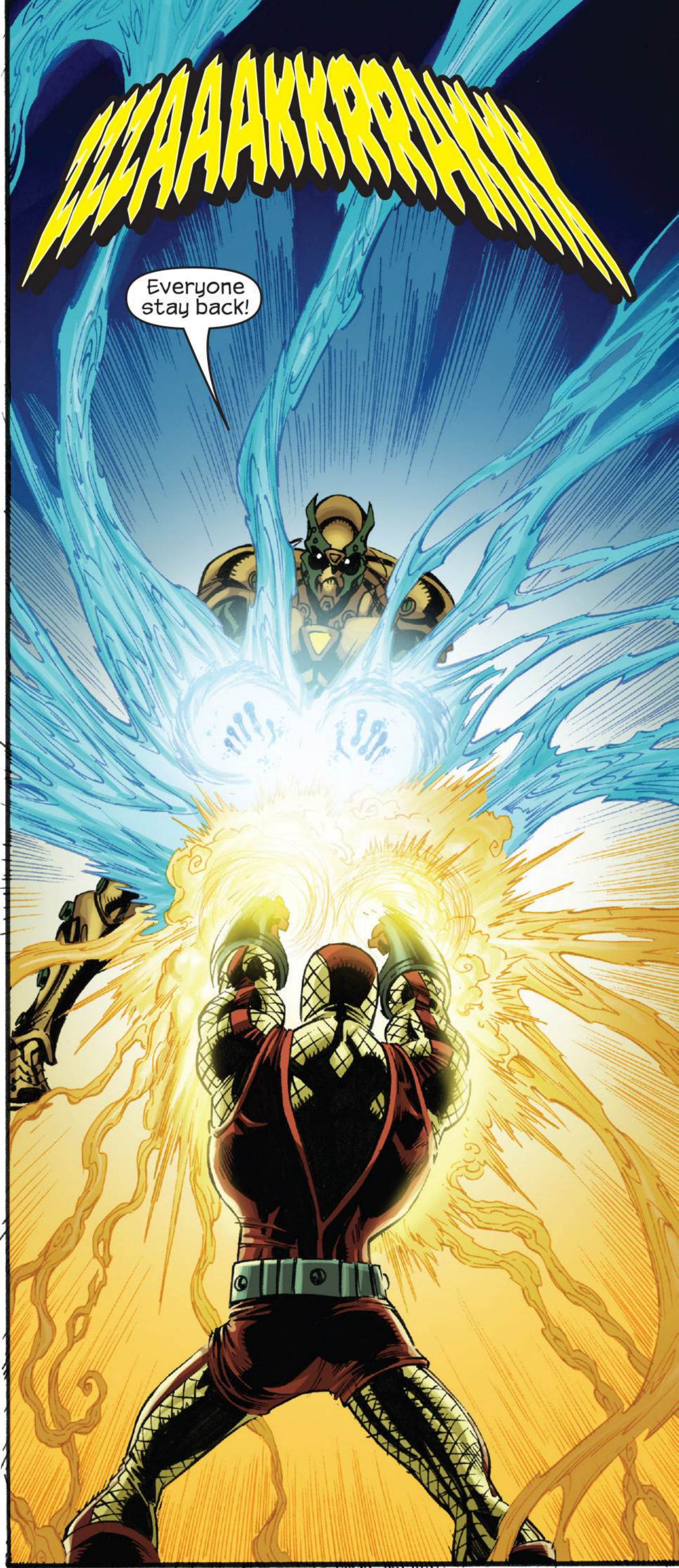
Get on the ground!

Screw that. You boys better be ready for some stimulation.



You too, Shocker. You're not the only one who can throw some current!

Fine, bring it on!



Everyone stay back!



Gotcha!

Whoa, they're kicking out a lot of power! Can we help Force?



I got 'im. Taser won't work, obviously, but *this*'ll put him on his ass.



No worries, Shocker. We've got your back.

It's the Hood's mob!

I like this kid.



Let's try it again, son! I ain't so easy when I'm *sober*, am I?

They got a lot more men coming in!



Mr. Fear. We're all wearing the nose plugs.

Good. Now they will know the cold grip of *terror*!



No--noooo!!!

Got to get out--can't stay here!

Help me!

Ah! Look at the Hood!



He's some kind of a *demon*--right out of *Hell*!



No I'm **NOT!**



We got Force down!



And you're down too.



My sonics can adjust to any of your bodies, I have complete files on each of you.

But White Fang is saving your boss for last.

Look, lady.

You know how this turned out last time.



I never forget anything done to me.

Or to those I love.

And you know what?

I bet *you* don't either.



TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT ISSUE



MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
5 of 5

DARK REIGN™

**PARKER
HOTZ
MARTIN**

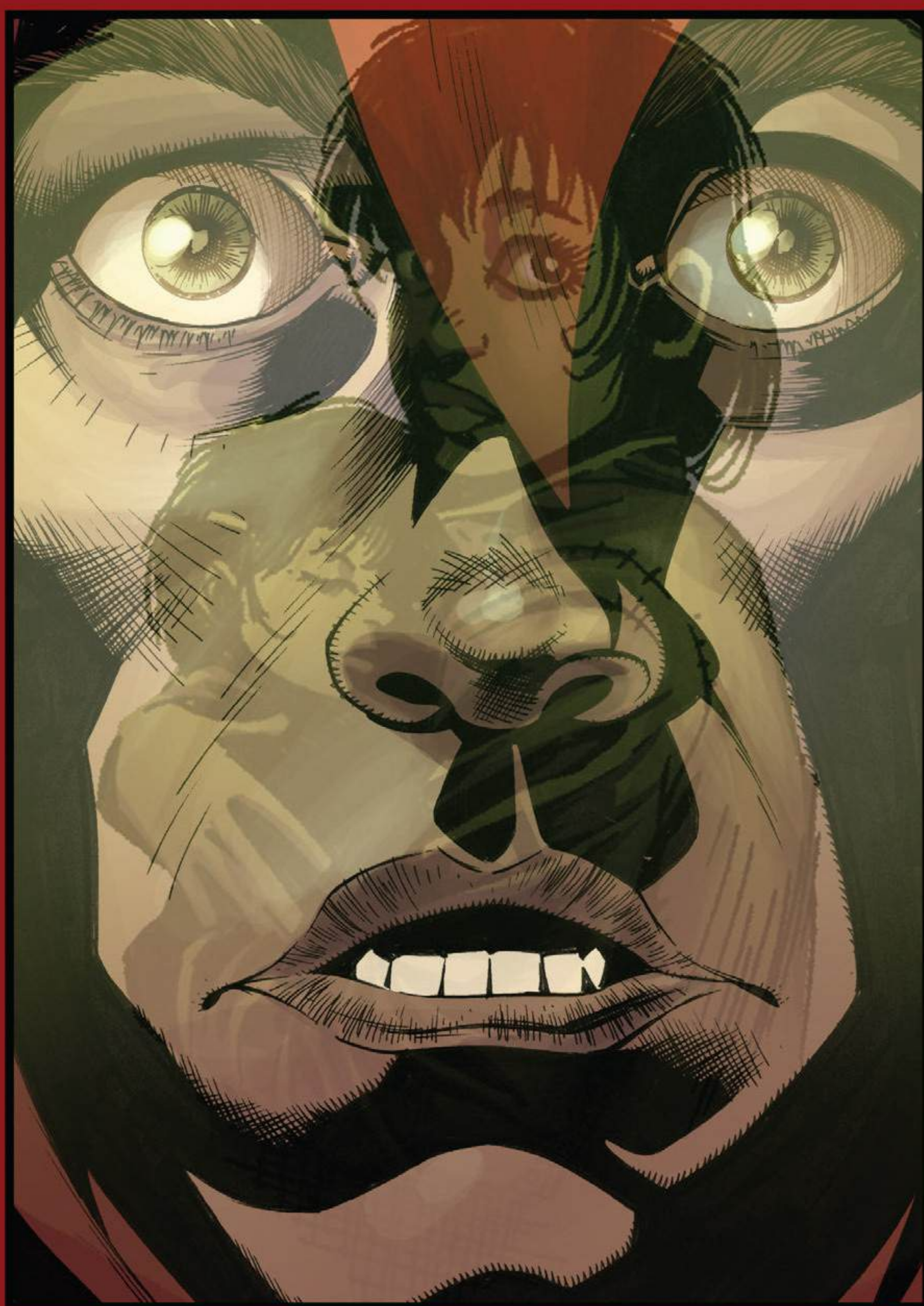


Once upon a time Parker Robbins was just a small-time crook with an institutionalized mother, a pregnant girlfriend, and a string of mistresses. That all changed the day Robbins accidentally came into possession of a demon's cloak, granting him fantastic powers—powers he used to illegally generate cash for his ever-growing list of dependents as...

THE HOOD

When the super hero population was torn apart by civil war, The Hood took advantage of the power vacuum, reinventing himself into the godfather of New York City's costumed underworld. This meteoric ascent pulled heavily on Robbins, who keeps his family life secret from his organization at all costs—the world of darkness and treachery must never touch his young daughter. But juggling fatherhood and his new empire is nothing compared to the revelation of the cloak's true master: Dormammu.

Struggling with his bond to the dark lord has distracted Parker from the many vipers—both inside and out of his organization—looking to take down the fledgling kingpin. But it's the reemergence of White Fang, the widow of a cop he accidentally killed in his early days, that might prove the Hood's ultimate undoing. The vengeful Fang ambushed Parker during a heist gone horribly wrong, revealing to the stunned gangster that she knows about the civilian family he's fought to keep hidden from his criminal associates!



© 2016 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

To find MARVEL COMICS at a local comic and hobby shop, go to www.comicshoplocator.com or call 1-888-COMICBOOK.

NEWARK AIRPORT.

Look familiar?

WHITE FANG.





Oooogh!

...s'going on...?

We were getting creamed by Hood's crew...

...and then *she* showed up!



I can't believe you actually *have* a family!

The one thing you took from me--and *you* have it!



Want another look at the *sweet baby*?

N-noo...



That baby should have been *mine*!

Kah--!

WHUD



So what do you think? Right before you go under, your weird *monster side* will kick in and be a *game changer*?



It's not going to work this time.



Uhhh...
feel like I
done got run
over by a Mack
truck...

What the
hell *was* that,
Scorcher?

That woman hit
us with some kinda
frequency attack.
Glad *you* took most
of it, Piledriver. Ah,
dammit...



Shocker's
out!

Okay, I'm up.
I'll go peel that
gal off Hood--



You'll
get back
down.

The playing
field just got
level!

FORCE.

WAAAAH



You're not going to pull your little magic *stunt* again.

See, I was wrong before...



...I thought I wanted you *dead*.

Wuughh--!



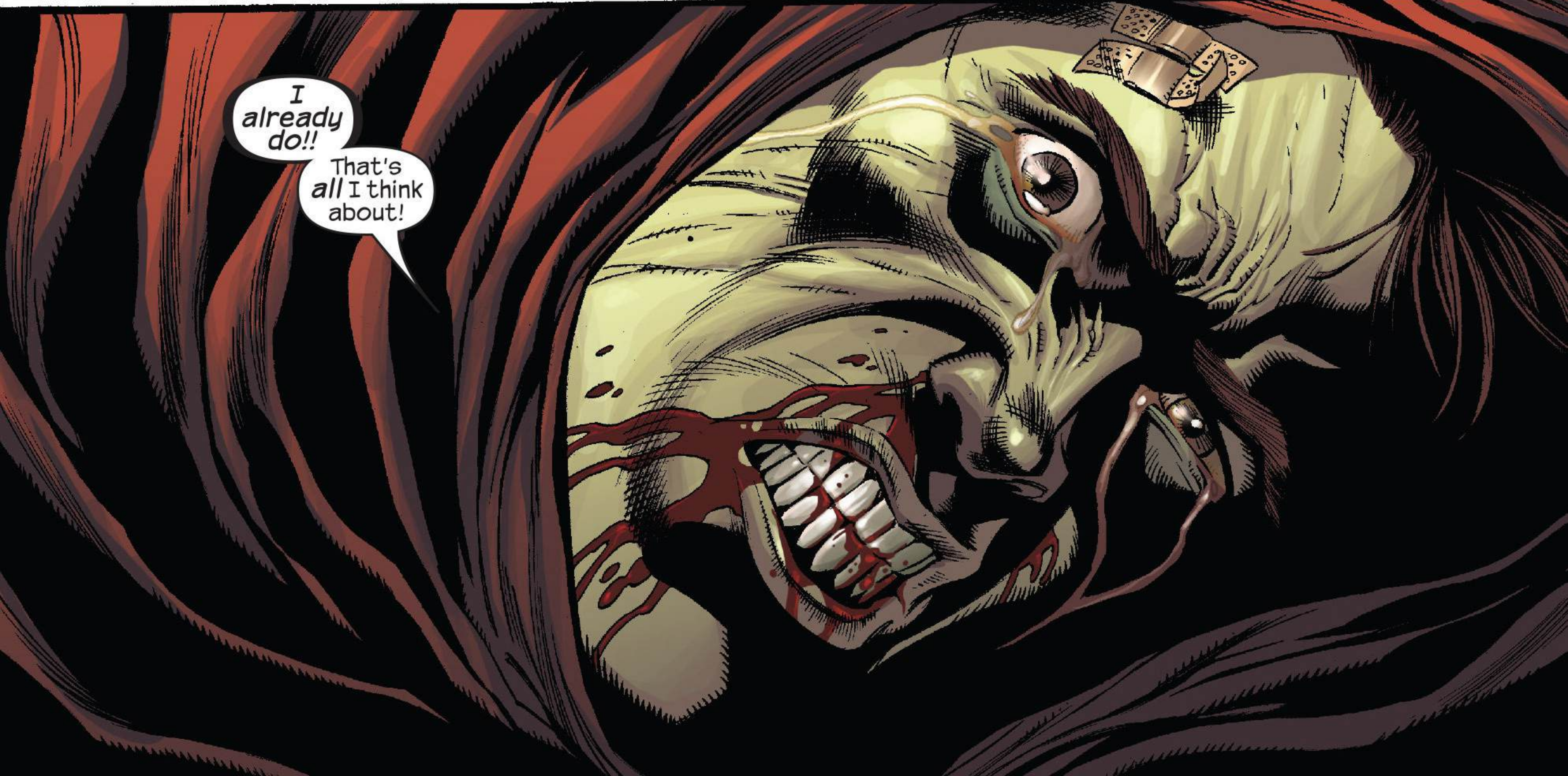
But now I realize that wouldn't make me *right* inside again.

It would be over and I'd *still* feel like this.



Now I know what I need. I've found what you *fear*, and where I can *hurt* you most.

I want you always wondering when it will end.



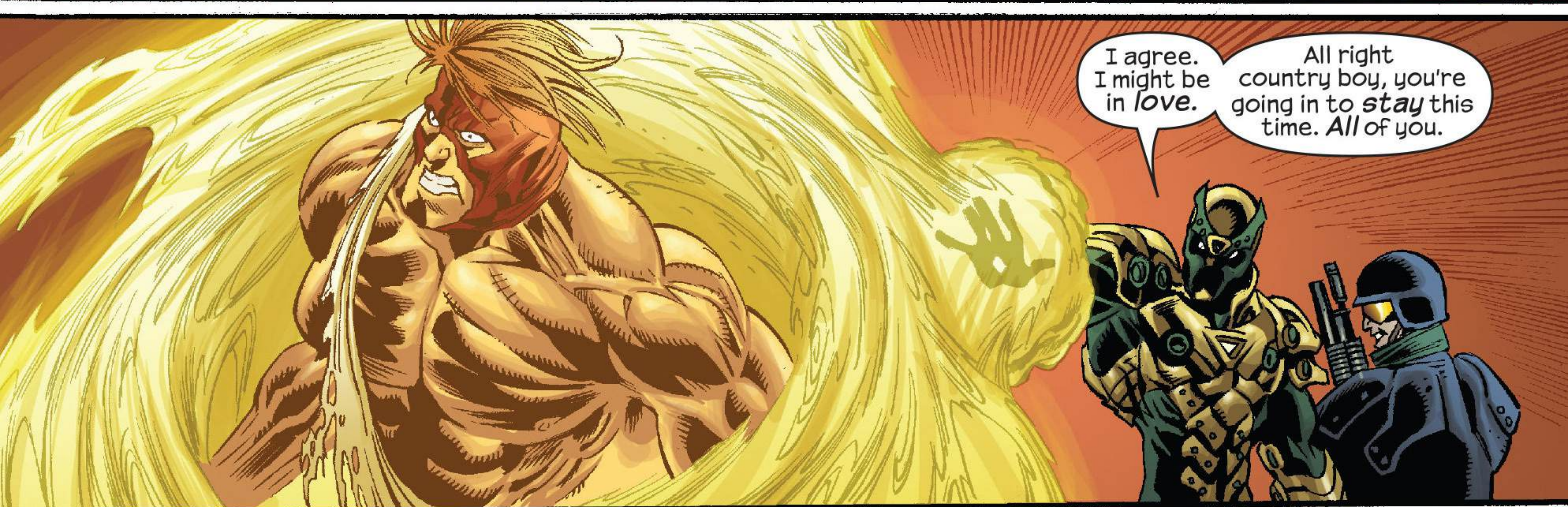
I *already* do!!

That's *all* I think about!



Who was that woman?

An answer to my prayer, I think. She turned this bust around!



I agree. I might be in *love*.

All right country boy, you're going in to *stay* this time. *All* of you.



Indeed. Well placed, Thunderball.

Ain't no thang, Controller.

Don't look
at me for
sympathy!

This is going
to be your *life* from
now on, waiting for
the other shoe
to drop!



WRRROOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSHHH~



You messed up
when you decided to
care about--

--someone...

WRRROOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSHHH~



K-TOOM

LINGH!



Get in the truck, let's get going!

Perhaps I should bring guinea pigs to test my new slave discs.

We don't *take* cops or *off*'em! That's the *rules*!



Hood's rules. Whom I do not see making us "answer for this."

Wait, here he comes...



Hey, we've got--

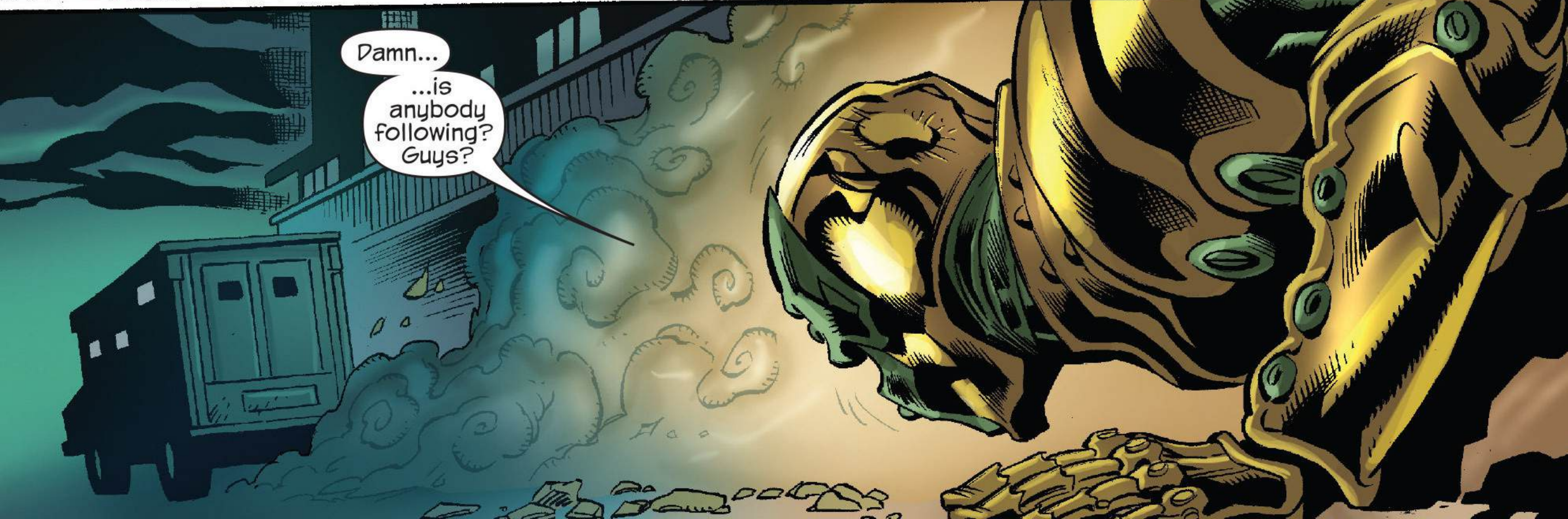
Everyone back to Base Three. I'll meet you there later!

Well, fine.



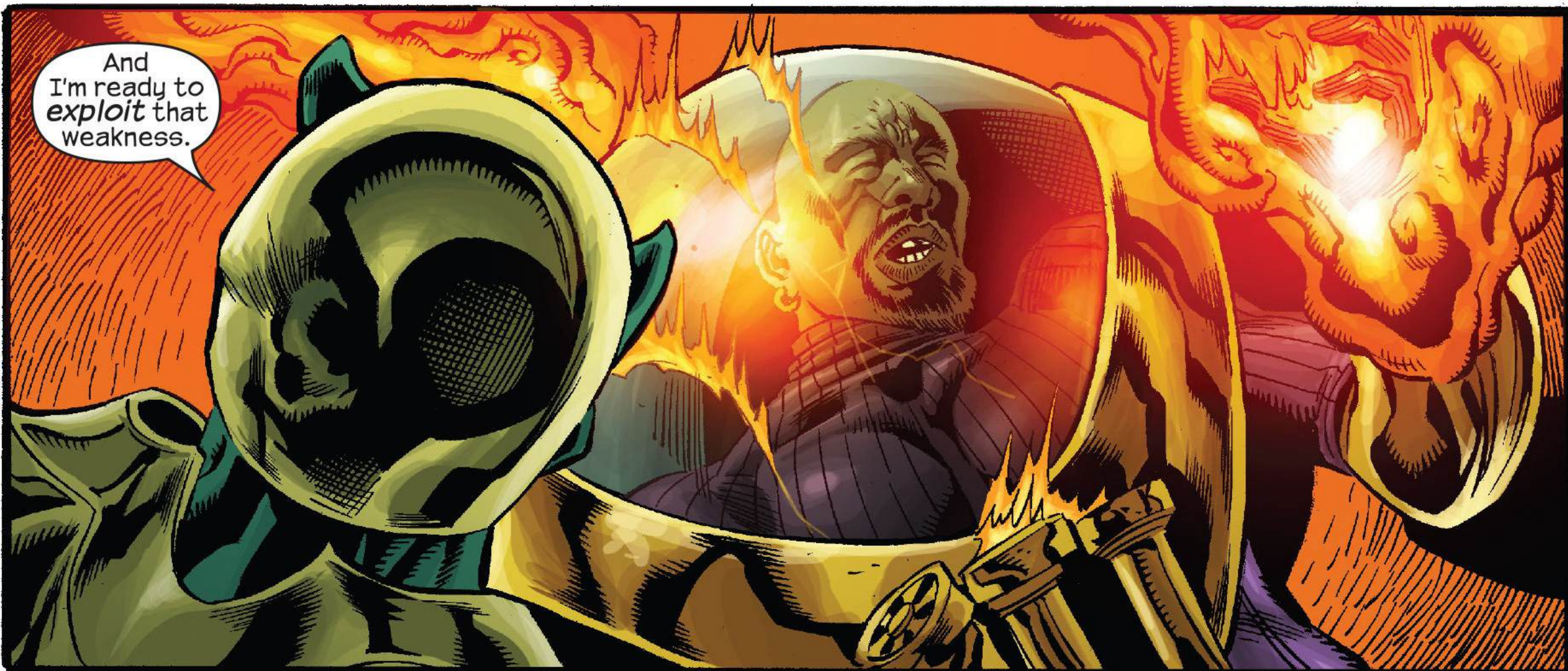
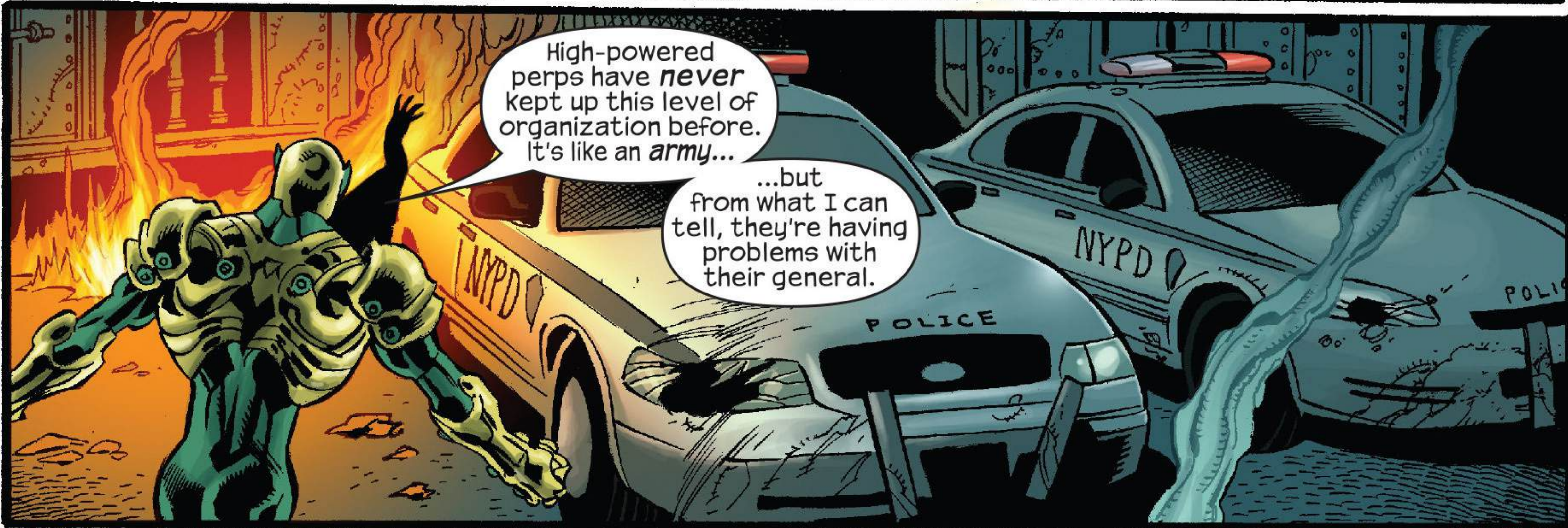
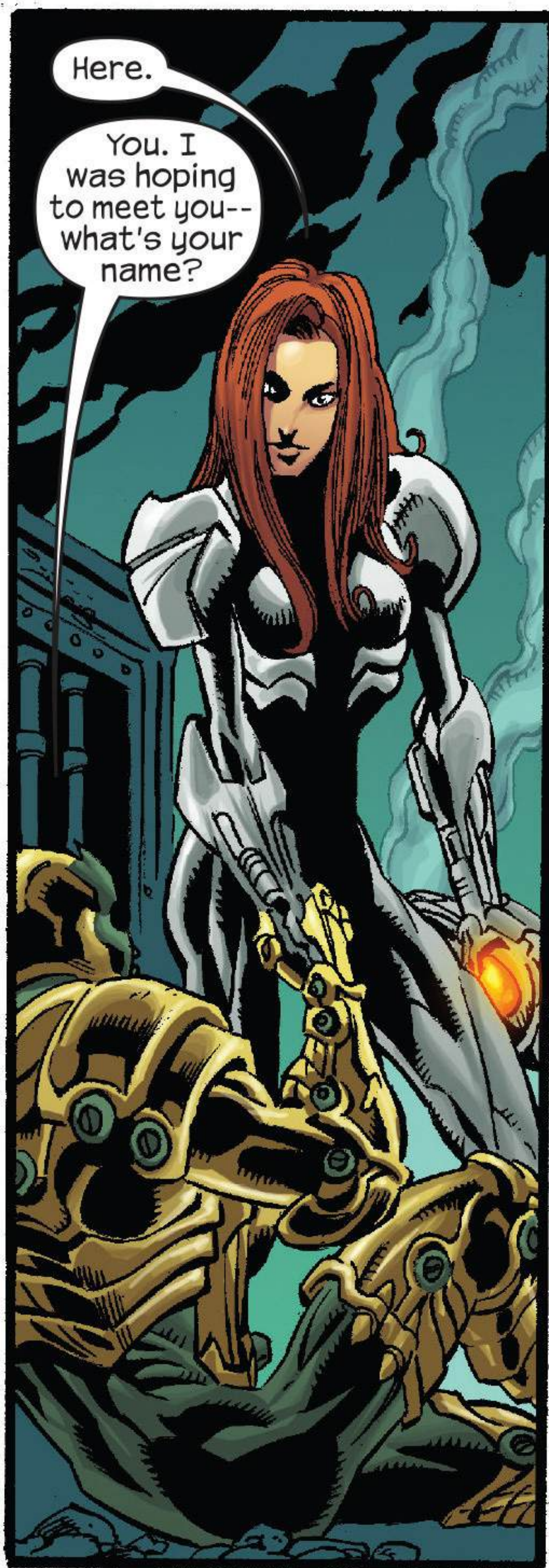
What is he doing?

Only a true leader can inspire such confidence.



Damn...

...is anybody following? Guys?







"...after I stop off to see Mom."

Afternoon, Mama Robbins. I brought you some lunch!



Then we can go over to the new...house...

Mom... are you okay?



Who *are* you? They trying to make me *eat* again?

"I'm sorry, Mr. Robbins, these changes can be erratic."



Frankly, the progress she made recently is nearly *unprecedented*. It's hard to say what could happen in the near future.



Yeah... *thanks*, Doctor.

Call me if anything changes.



John? Why are you here?

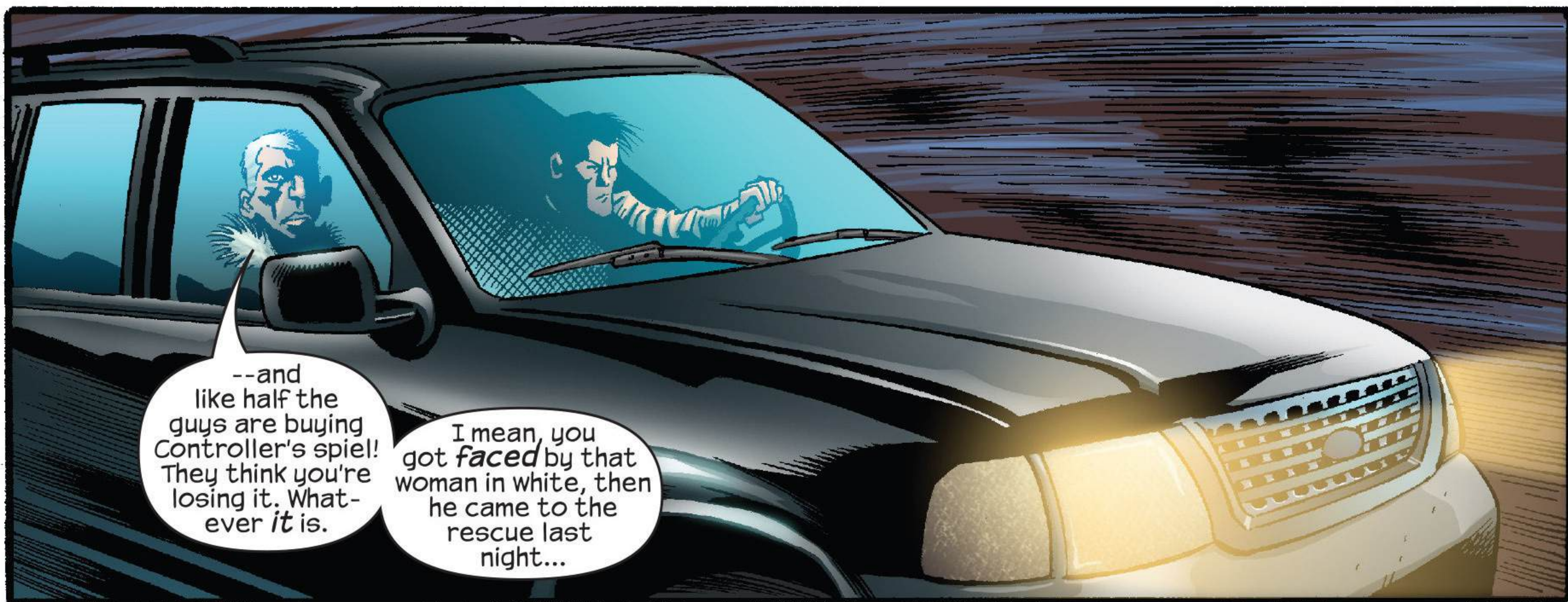
I called Sara. She said you'd be here.

Cuz, we need to *talk*.



Yeah, we *do*.

Ride with me to Forest Hills.



--and like half the guys are buying Controller's spiel! They think you're losing it. What-ever *it* is.

I mean, you got *faced* by that woman in white, then he came to the rescue last night...



Yeah, let me tell you about that, John. First, funny how Controller *knew* we'd be needing backup.

But you know what's *funnier*?



How White Fang knew about my *family*!!

Because some *drunk ass* shot his mouth off about them, her and *God knows* what else!

Now someone--probably Controller--has put that crazy bitch onto *Sara* and the *baby*!



Cuz, watch the *road*!

Now I can just hope like *hell* she doesn't know about the new home!



SKRRIT

Speaking of which, why am I taking *you* there? I must want *every-one* to know where I live.

Get the hell out!



Go screw up someone *else's* life... Cuz.

Parker, please, man--I'm going back to the AA groups like you wanted--



There you are! How was your mom? Did John get hold of you?

Fine.

Yeah.

How's it going here?

Great, thanks to the movers. Hang with Bree a minute, I need to go get some stuff.

Sure.

Got a late start because **someone** woke us up last night.

Not like *I* got any sleep either.

It's a hard road to go alone, is it not, Parker Robbins?

Dormammu? You--I thought you were **gone**...

You left *me*, Parker. I never left you.

You only make it harder for me to help. As you saw with your mother.

No one rises to greatness **alone**. Admit you **need** me.

N-no...



BASE THREE.



Who *else* could hold this bunch together?

Sure he *was* great, but he's off his game-- you saw him.

You punks got no loyalty. He came out after me, and I haven't even been with the gang in months.

He hightailed it out by himself--

It's just like I said...

He got my butt outta the slammer *twice*. I don't care--

Well, who's going to run things, then?



The *logical* move would be to pick a few candidates and have a secret vote.

Then I'm nominatin' *you*, Controller! You held it together last night.

Well, who's gonna tell The Hood about this?



You may not have to. He may never come b--

Shhh!

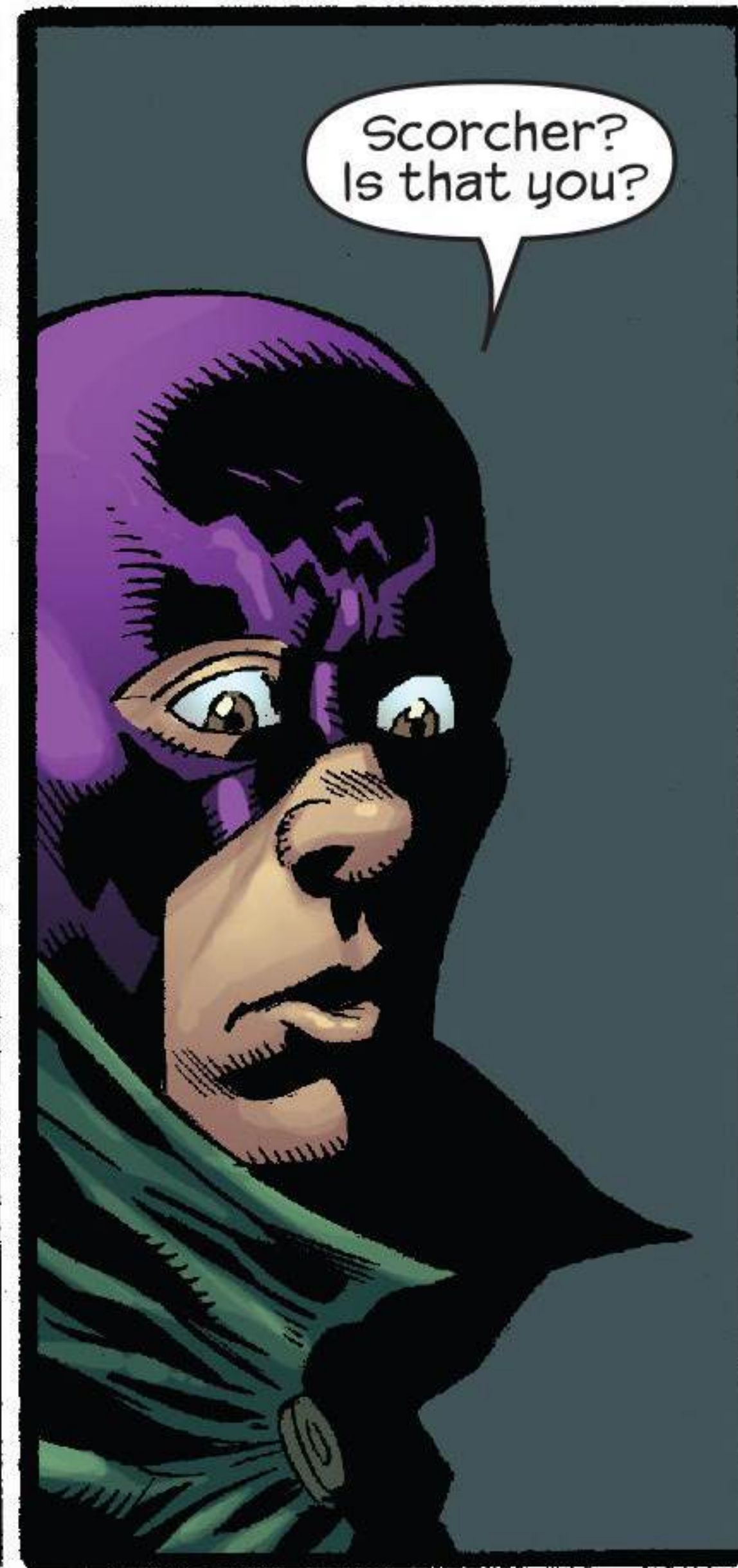
Sorry, Griff...but I *am* back.



I know I didn't wow anybody out at the airport. Can't win 'em all.

Controller, good job coming in like the cavalry last night.

But before you start changing the locks, you should know there's more to running a group like this than...



Scorcher? Is that you?



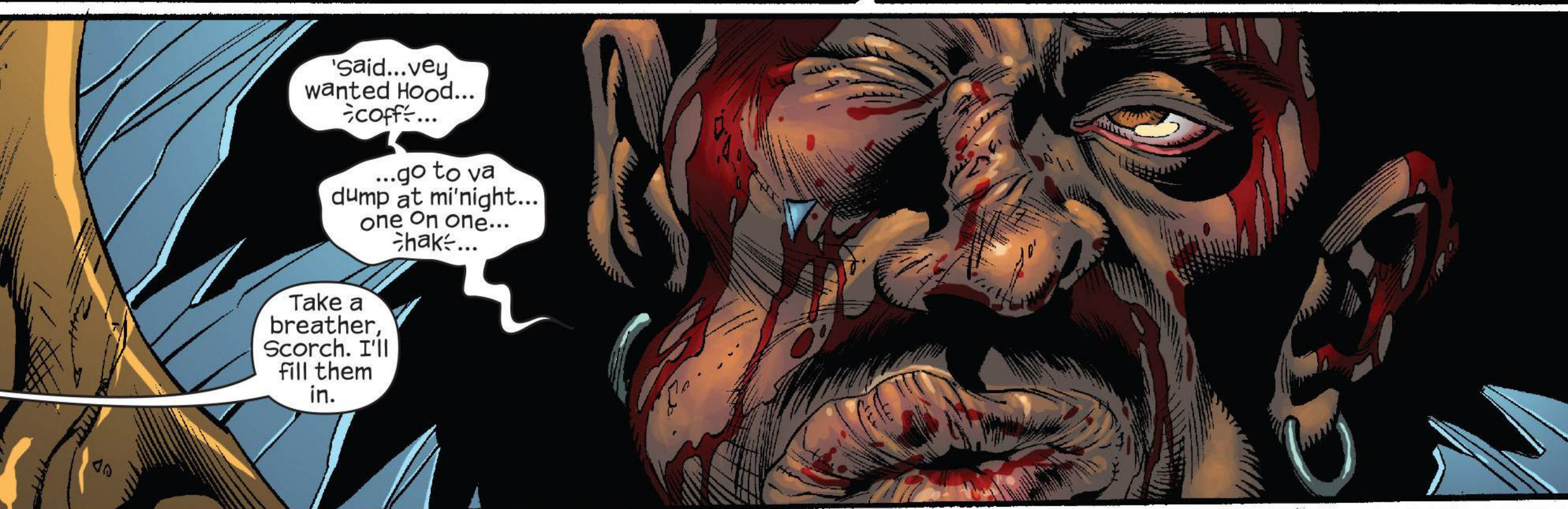
...like you don't leave a man behind.

What happened? Did something run him over?



Yeah, Force did. To send a message.

They left him layin' out in the street and told him to call us as soon as he remembered how.



'Said...vey wanted Hood...
~coff~...

...go to va dump at mi'night...
one on one...
~hak~...

Take a breather, Scorch. I'll fill them in.



See? Force is way ahead of you. He wants us all to come to the landfill, but he's challenging just *me*.

He figures if he beats me in front of all of you, it's *over* for this gang.



What are you going to do?

I'm going out there. Anybody who wants is welcome to watch.

John...



...go to the vault and get my bag.

FRESH KILLS LANDFILL.
STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

You don't want to put the cloak on yet?

Not until the last second. No more than I have to.

How many of the gang showed up?

Oh...

...all of them.

There he is.

Y'know, I'd have expected some showdown like this with the *Avengers*. I never even heard of Force.

Someone's always trying to call me out. I usually ignore it.

This time I can't.

It's midnight. Is The Hood going to face me?

That is him.

Yeah, he's going to face you.

Open the case.

My backup is just here to make sure it's a fair fight.

You have my word they won't get involved unless your people do.

Same with them.



I should do this. It's *my* fight.

It's *everybody's*.

You can start any time, Hood.



Give me the cloak.

Uh...



I swear I checked it right before we left...

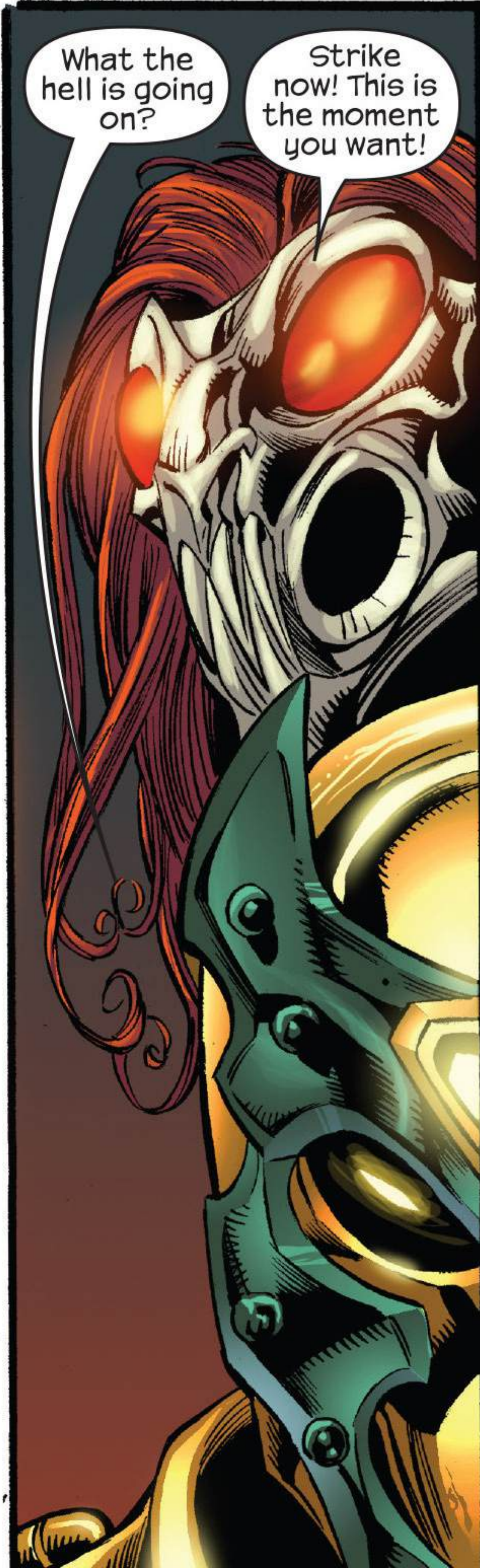
He did, I saw him. This goes back to our talk about *planning*.

Why would a leader hide his power away--save it for the good parts?



I think we all want to see what you can do *on your own*.

Don't worry, I'm sure Crimson Cowl will lend you another one of her old ones.



What the hell is going on?

Strike now! This is the moment you want!



That was *bogus*!

What the *hell*, Controller?!

Damn it, man...



I...



...have
had...



...enough...



...of you!

≥aahhkk...≤



And
YOU!

≥Hoogh...!≤

And everyone
who challenges me!
Everyone who comes
against...

**THE
HOOD**



Me! I'm the one you're facing!

Come on, I'm not afraid to die!

No...



...I know what you're afraid of, White Fang. Same as me.



AAGGHH!!!

So I'm going to make you a deal.

Put him DOWN!! NOW!!!



You know I'll kill him. I've done it before, haven't I?

Aaaaiieeee...

This time you can stop it.



I've got him...

Put that down!

We're way outgunned.



End the hunt, White Fang. Never come after me again, and he lives.

I'm not waiting all night. Three. Two.



DON'T!!

It's over-- let him live!

It's over.



It better be. Because I won't go after you...I'll go for *him*.

Force, I've got you!



And now *you*.

I suppose there is no one to spare me.



Kill the brilliant Controller? No, I need that great mind and the things it creates.

I believe The Wizard has one of them here.

As it happens...



...I think it needed *testing*.

KLINK

The slave disc--**NO!**



We can take them. We have missiles and--

No, you can't beat him when he's like this. And...

...a deal is a deal.



You really *are* an angel, aren't you?



Everyone
lay low a couple
of days and then
report back to
Base Three.

...report
to Base
Three...



I see
I'm too late.
You've realized
what I would
have told you
anyway.

You already
bonded, the
cloak is but
a token.

Which
you can make
yourself, it
seems.

Guess so,
Satana. Still, I
want you to stay
on, I might as well
understand this
all better.

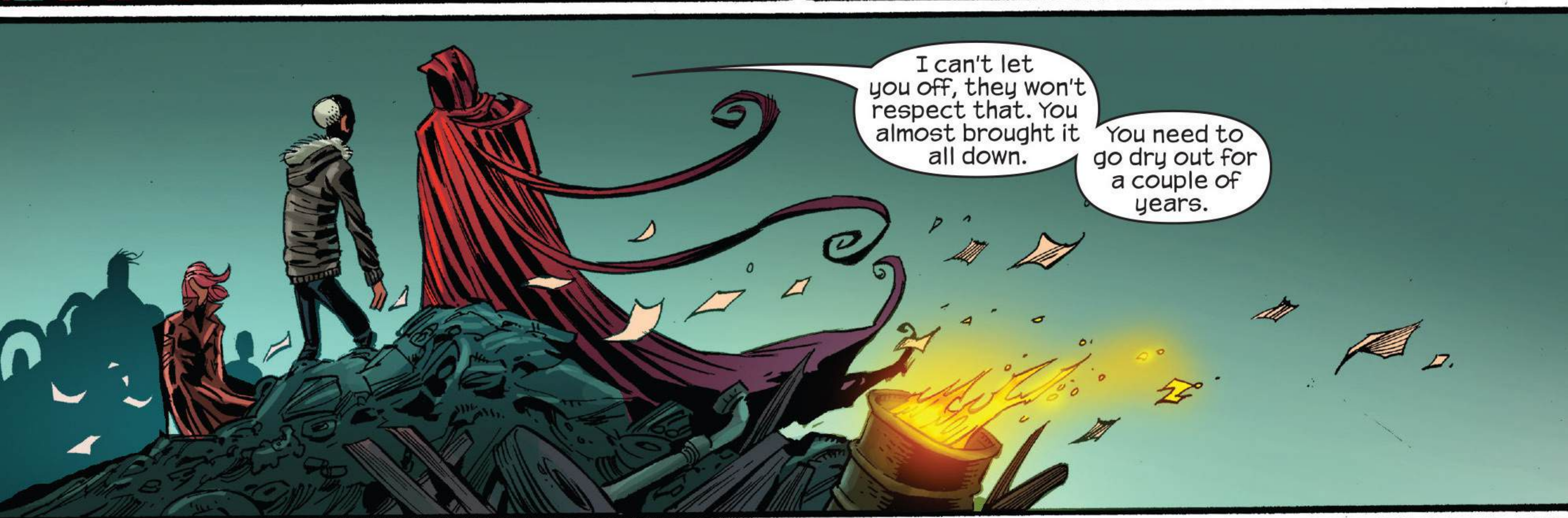
This operation
is just gettin' bigger
and better!



Not
for you,
John.

What?
We can--

A chain is
only as strong
as its weakest
link.



I can't let
you off, they won't
respect that. You
almost brought it
all down.

You need to
go dry out for
a couple of
years.



Pack
for warm
weather.



KEY LARGO, FLORIDA.

Bless the Pope, now John King is down here! Welcome to the mob relocation program. What happened, Feds get on your case?

S'up, Big Danny. Nah, I screwed up with my outfit. I'm lucky I'm not at the bottom of the Hudson now.

Ah, yer takin' a fall fer the boss, ain'tcha?

Dons are always makin' the buck stop just below them.

It ain't like that. I think...I think sendin' me off was hardest on him.

I was the only one there who came up with him, who knew about his work life **and** private life.

I was the only one he could really trust...until I *wasn't*. And now...

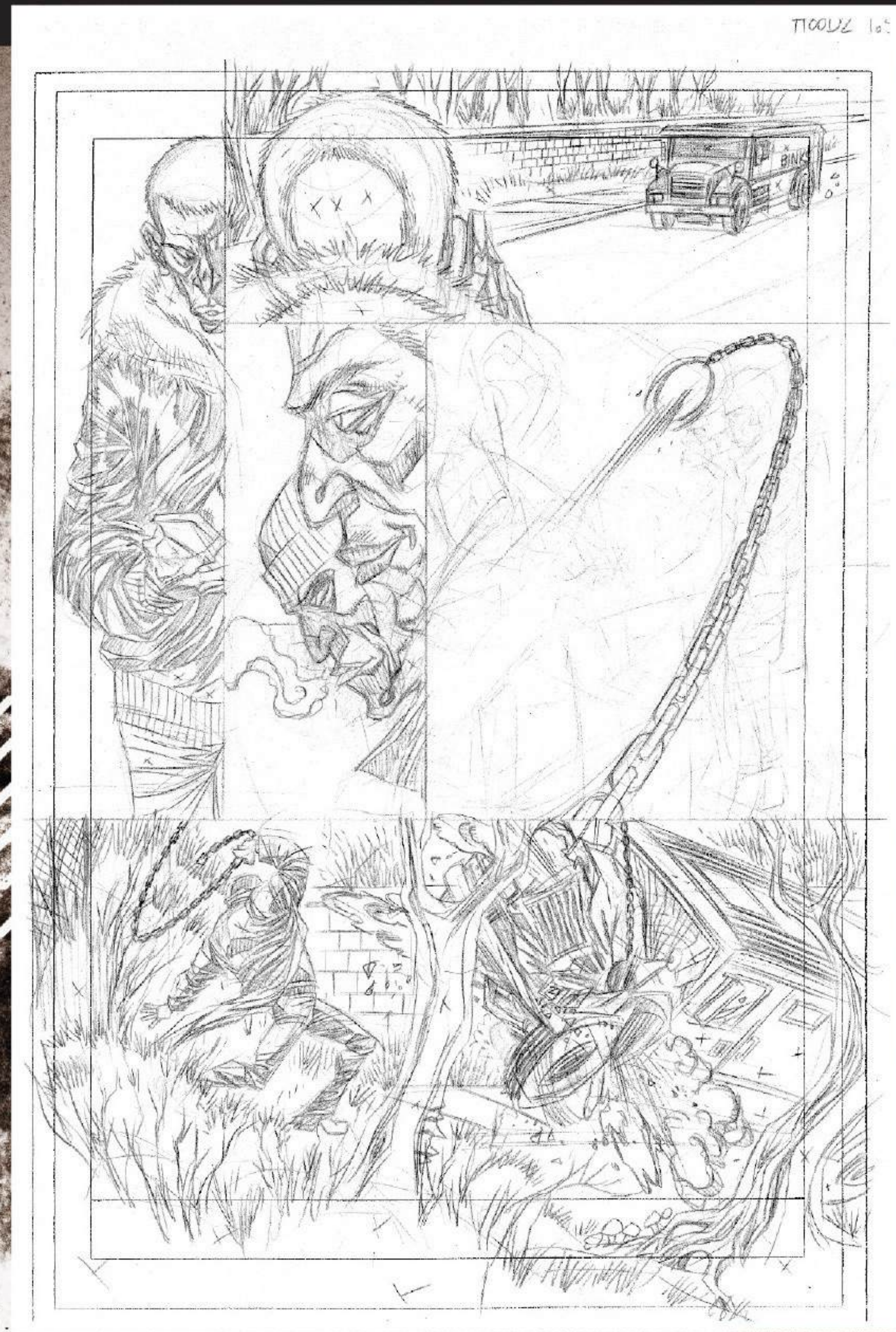


"...now he's got *nobody*."

CHAIN OF COMMAND

JEFF PARKER: WRITER
KYLE HOTZ: PENCILER
SCOTT HANNA: INKER
FRANK MARTIN: COLORIST
DAVE SHARPE: LETTERER
MARKO DJURDJEVIC: COVER ARTIST
MICHAEL HORWITZ: ASSISTANT EDITOR
BILL ROSEMAN: EDITOR
JOE QUESADA: EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY: PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE: EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

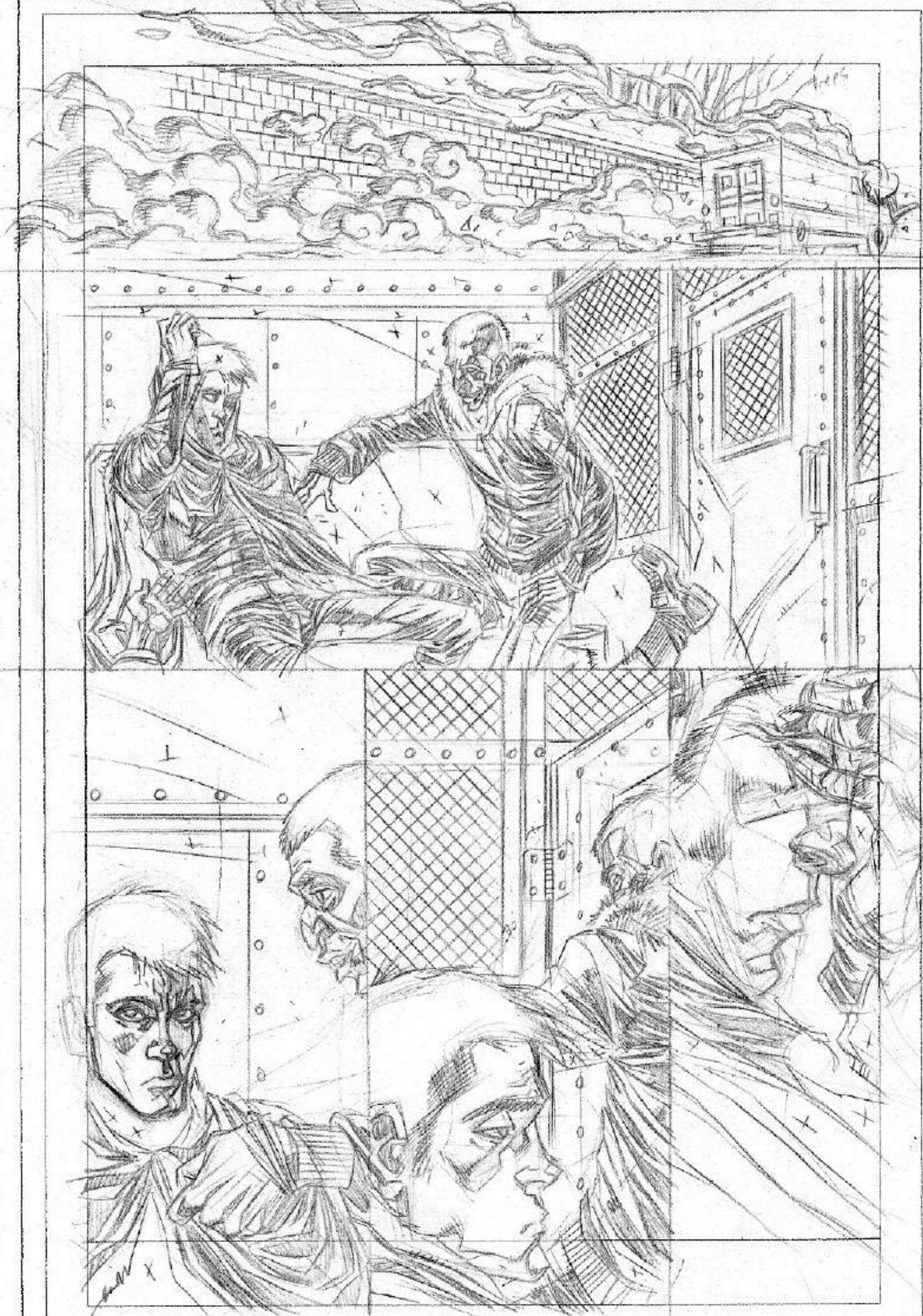
THE END



HOODZ 16



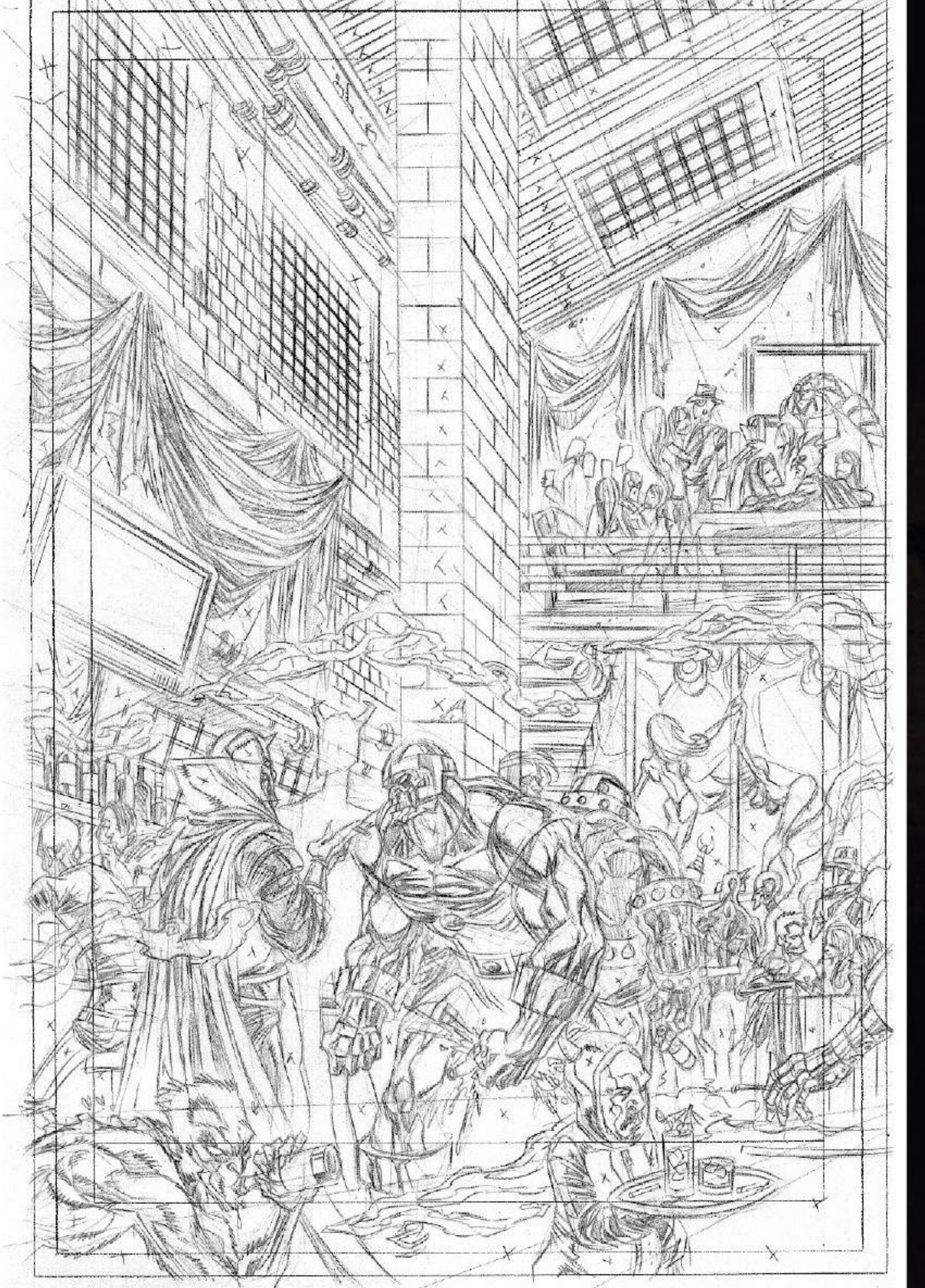
HOODZ 17



HOODZ 18



HOODZ 19



HOODZ



HOODZ 12



HOODZ



HOODZ 14



HOOD 2 61



HOOD 2 61



HOOD 2 61



HOOD 2 61



HOOD 2 61





CHARACTER SKETCHES BY MAX FIUMARA

FOR A LISTING OF MORE MARVEL COLLECTIONS, DOWNLOAD



Go to your local comic shop to pick up these great collections!
And stay tuned to the Marvel App for more amazing collection releases.

To find a comic shop near you visit www.comicshoplocator.com



KAMIC RIDER MARIKA